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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

JOHN LLOYD
HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE LOT OF
NO. 1, MESS, NO. 2, AND FAT FAMILY MACKEREL,
MESS SHAD AND CODFISH, OF FINEST QUALITIES.
HE HAS ALSO ON HAND A CHOICE LINE OF
FRENCH PRUNES, RAISINS, CANNED TOMATOES, PEAS, CORN, &c.;
DRIED SWEET CORN, OAT MEAL, RICE.
SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES.
&c., &c., while his stock of GROCERIES will compare favorably in extent, quality and prices with any grocer's stock in Ebensburg or elsewhere.
He has also in store a large assortment of
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN IRONSTONE CHINA,
which he bought at low figures and will sell at prices equally moderately. In addition to these goods and many others, he keeps constantly in stock
W. E. SCHMERTZ'S & CO.'S Celebrated SHOES for Ladies
which are the very best for service that are made or sold anywhere. It has also been his constant pride to buy and sell the
BEST BOOTS FOR MEN AND BOYS THAT CAN BE FOUND ANYWHERE.
In conclusion, it may be said, and said truly, that while the stock of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS, &c., &c., kept at the LLOYD STORE may not be the largest in Ebensburg, it is always choice and choice and fresh, as the proprietor is constantly buying and constantly selling, and consequently accumulates no old goods.

THE BEST OFFER YET!

WE ALWAYS TRY TO GIVE OUR CUSTOMERS THE VERY BEST BARGAINS AT ALL TIMES, BUT OWING TO THE SOFT, MILD WEATHER WE HAVE HAD THIS WINTER,
WE ARE COMPELLED TO MAKE A SACRIFICE ON SOME GOODS, RATHER THAN CARRY THEM OVER TILL NEXT SEASON. THEREFORE DURING THE ENSUING TWO MONTHS WE SHALL OFFER
ALL OUR HEAVY GOODS AT VERY GREATLY REDUCED PRICES IN ORDER THAT WE MAY BE ABLE TO REDUCE OUR STOCK SO AS TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR SPRING GOODS. THIS BEING OUR PURPOSE, WE CAN AND WILL SELL HEAVY BOOTS, MEN AND WOMEN'S OVERSHOES, LADIES' SHAWLS, AND ALL THAT CLASS OF GOODS, AT LOWER FIGURES THAN THEY CAN BE BOUGHT ELSEWHERE.
WE INVITE ALL TO CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND PRICES BEFORE PURCHASING AT ANY OTHER STORE, AS WE DEFY COMPETITION AND WISH EVERYBODY TO JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES AS TO THE QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS OF OUR GOODS.
V. S. BARKER & BRO.
EBENSBURG, JAN. 13, 1882.

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PURE FRESH DRUGS OR PATENT MEDICINES!
YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AT
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PURE FRESH GOODS! | NO MISREPRESENTATION! | BOTTOM PRICES!
LINSEED and MACHINE OILS, PAINTS, VARNISH, PUTTY, TURPENTINE, WHITE LEAD, COLORS, (Dry and in Oil) BRUSHES, Etc.
Also, a very full and complete stock of
BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY!
POCKET BOOKS, PURSES, COMBS, BRUSHES, ALBUMS, PERFUMERY
TOILET SETS, ETC., ETC.
PURE GROUND SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

THE MILD WEATHER, LACK OF SNOW and SCARCITY OF CORN
HAVE INTERFERED SO MUCH WITH THE DEMAND FOR
HEATING STOVES, CORN SHELLERS, SLEIGH BELLS,
Lap Robes, and many other articles for sale at
HUNTLEY'S FAMOUS HARDWARE
AND HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE!
An establishment which excites the wonder of all who visit it, tht the proprietor has determined to
CLOSE OUT ALL SUCH GOODS AT ACTUAL COST!
NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS SUBLIME.

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—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
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TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
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CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

C. T. ROBERTS,
DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES,
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VARIETY STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.
RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRIES. FAIR DEALING.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $1 outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me. | $66 a week in your own town. Terms and $1 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

Cuticura
Geo. W. Brown, 40 Marshall St. Providence, R. I., cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) of a Ringworm Humor got at the barber's, which spread all over his ears, neck and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment.
SKIN HUMOR.
F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper & Bros., Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally.
SCALD HEAD.
H. A. Raymond, Auditor F. W., J. & S. R. R., Jackson, Mich., was cured of Scald Head of nine years' duration by the Cuticura Remedies.
ECZEMA.
Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, Mass., permanently cured a humor of the face and scalp (eczema) that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities.
MILK CRUST.
Mrs. Bowers, 243 Clinton St., Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine healthy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.
FALLING HAIR.
Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 5, Boston, was cured of Alopecia, or falling of the hair, by the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it.
TREATMENT.
The Cuticura treatment consists in the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the the great skin remedies.
CUTICURA
REMEDIES are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cts.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle; CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Principal depot,
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.
Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress, by using SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.
Sneeze until your head is ready to fly off, eyes and nose running water, throat parched and blood feverish, or take SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for Catarrh and be cured.
Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canada Fir, Marigold and Clover Blossoms are what Sanford's Radical Cure are made of. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, for $1.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.
Gentle, yet effective, united with Healing Balsam, render COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS one hundred times superior to all other plasters for every Pain, Weakness and Inflammation. Price 25cts. Sold everywhere.

$500 REWARD
Over a Million
OF
PROFESSOR
GUILMETTE'S
FRENCH
Kidney Pads
Have already been sold in this country and in France, every one of which has given perfect satisfaction and has effected cures every time when when used according to directions. We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of
LAME BACK
That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will POSITIVELY and PERMANENTLY cure *Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Bladder, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and retention of the Urine, Inflamation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness*, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs, whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.
Ladies, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs,
YOU CAN BE CURED
without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing
PROF. GUILMETTE'S
FRENCH KIDNEY PAD
WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.
Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send $2.00 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.
TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.
JUDGE BUCHANAN, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best Doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."
THOMAS VETTER, J. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads four weeks."
"SECTOR N. C. SCOTT, Sandusky, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed. I took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidneys Pads six weeks, and I now know I am entirely cured."
MRS. HELEN JESSUP, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time to my bed, with Lucorrhœa and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."
H. B. GREEN, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, O., writes: "I suffered 25 years with lame back, and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."
B. F. KESSLING, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., in sending an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any kidney remedy we ever sold."
RAY & SHOEMAKER, Druggist, Hannibal, Mo.: "We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day."
[2-17.—1y.]
☞ For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

ROBBED
—Thousands of graves are annually robbed of their victims, lives prolonged, happiness and health restored by the use of the great
GERMAN INVIGORATOR
which positively and permanently cures **Impotency** (caused by excesses of any kind), **Seminal Weakness**, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, as loss of energy, loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption and a premature grave.
Send for circulars and testimonials free by mail. The **INVIGORATOR** is sold at $1 per bottle, or six boxes for $5, by all druggists, or will be sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price by addressing
F. J. CHENEY, Druggist,
187 Summit St., TOLEDO, OHIO.
Sole Agent for the United States.
[2-17.—1y.]
☞ For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING
A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 1817, Chicago, Ill.

BOB DAYTON'S MINE.

The familiar sight of two young asses, or "Jacks," as the miners call them, loaded with mining tools and provisions, and driven along by two miners who walked behind them, would have attracted but little attention among the loungers in front of the Grand Hotel at Cedar Gulch, had it not been for two or three peculiar circumstances which "Col." Brown proceeded to narrate to the bystanders.

Since coming to Colorado three years before, the colonel had succeeded, without any visible means of support, in maintaining an existence as free from toil as that of the lillies, and by his abundant leisure, his skillful disposal of tobacco juice and his success at the faro table had fairly won his title. The talker and his audience leaned against the rough logs of the one-storied Grand Hotel. Aiming a brownish fluid at a dusty stone some feet away, the colonel began:

"Queer pards, those. There's Bob Dayton—he ain't much more than a tenderfoot, but he's a white man right through. But as for Sandy Joe, I wouldn't trust him as fur as I could see. If he didn't jump that claim off Cap. Perry's last winter I'm a coyote. How Dayton ever happened to strike in with Joe, I can't see, except that Bob's rather fresh in this country. You ought to have heard him last night tell me in confidence all about his girl out in Ohio, Lizzie I think he called her. He was poor, and she was poor; and he didn't see much hope of getting married unless they wanted to live on a little less than nothing. So he came out here to find his fortune. Hope he'll get it. He deserves to, anyway, going out prospecting on the mountains in Colorado in October. Like as not there may be three feet of snow on the mountains to-morrow. Joe ought to know better at any rate; but he's reckless enough to do anything. By the way, Bill, what about that roan horse that Powers lost upon Mount Shavano? Hasn't found it yet, eh? He better be looking around lively, if he expects to get it down before the snow comes?"

And then the conversation of the group in front of the hotel at Cedar Gulch drifted off on to other topics, while the two men of whom the colonel had spoken proceeded on up the gulch, and turning to the right struck the trail leading up the sides of Mount Shavano.

A great contrast was apparent in the looks and manners of the two men working together in the close companionship which is implied in mining regions by the term "partners."

Robert Dayton was a tall, fair-haired young man with a frank, open countenance that made him friends even among the rough class of men among whom his lot was cast in a Colorado mining camp. He had been well educated by a father who had left him only his education as an inheritance. He had become engaged to a pretty and rich girl, but her father lost in a grain speculation most of the wealth that he had acquired, and Robert was unwilling to urge her to a speedy marriage, unless he could provide for her a home with at least some of the comforts to which she had been accustomed. Accordingly he had sought the silver land of the West, in the hope of there obtaining more speedily sufficient means to justify him in making her whom he loved his own. But his sanguine expectations had been disappointed, and for several months he had wandered from one mining camp to another, till at last he arrived at Cedar Gulch, weary and disheartened. He was just in the mood to listen to a reckless proposal which he heard made in the hotel one day by Sandy Joe, to go on a prospecting tour in spite of the near approach of snow. Robert did not know, and did not care much, who his partner was if he could have another chance to labor for the treasure which he was seeking. No one knew the real name of Sandy Joe, as he was called, with the frequent inappropriateness of Western nicknames. He was a short, dark complexioned, and dark-haired man, with an unenviable notoriety for quarrelsomeness. This ill-assorted couple proceeded on their expedition without much incident the first day, driving their "Jacks" up the stony trail toward the summit of Mount Shavano, that towers high above the surrounding mountains.

On the second day of their journey, when they had not yet reached the place where they had to leave their "Jacks" and proceed on foot, there came down over the travelers a heavy mist, not uncommon on the mountains, and soon after the snow began to fall, very lightly at first, and then more heavily. The trail, which had not been very distinct before, began to be almost hidden from view. But the sagacious animals seemed by some instinct to pick out the true path, and the journey was still slowly continued. One of the animals, however, wandered a little from the path in the afternoon, and stepping on a loose rock near the edge of a steep ravine, slipped and rolled over and over down the bank, and was seen no more. A hearty curse from the lips of Sandy Joe greeted this mishap, but the journey was continued. The path began to grow steeper, and as the snow began to be piled up before the travelers, it became almost impossible to go on. Joe, who was good tempered enough when everything went well, began now to show signs of increasing ill-temper. He cursed and swore at the storm and snow, and then would subside into moody silence. He beat with merciless blows the heavily-laden "Jack," that struggled along on its hard journey. It became evident at length that the men could not reach the camp to which they were bound by walking, and the animal was unloaded, and it was decided that the men should take turns in riding till their destination was reached. But five or six miles now lay between the men and the cluster of cabins where they hoped to find aid, but the darkness was already coming on, and the way was getting almost impassible.

Joe insisted upon taking the first turn in riding, and Dayton allowed him to mount. In this way about a mile was passed over, when Dayton, almost overcome with fatigue, called upon his companion to dismount and exchange places. The way at that point was narrow, and led along a steep incline on the mountain side. Joe, who was riding ahead, stopped when he heard his companion call, and allowed Dayton to come up with him, as if to allow him to take the animal. Then suddenly bending over, Joe drew from his belt a long knife and plunged it into his partner's breast.

"There," said he "as we can't both get through to the camp, I won't be the one that's left behind," and then giving poor Bob a push over the edge of the bank, the assassin rode on.

The wounded man rolled down the side of the mountain, the kindly snow shielding his body from some of the sharp bowlders, till the gradual declivity down which he was precipitated changed to a steep precipice, over the edge of which he plunged onto a level surface several feet below. Stunned as he was by his wound and fall he was still able, on looking around him, to see in the side of the precipice a large opening like the entrance of a cave, and with the instinct of self-preservation, he dragged himself thither and succeeded in reaching this shelter from the storm before he fainted away, overcome by the loss of blood.

Meanwhile, Sandy Joe struggled on his way, and by using the animal as far as it would go, and then leaving it in a snow-drift while he continued on foot, finally reached the little camp to which he was bound. He told his tale of the great dangers he had endured, but without mentioning his companion, and received sympathy and attention from the miners.

The morning sun was just darting his straight beams from the eastern sky across the valley and into the interior of the mountain cave when Bob Dayton awoke from his sleep of exhaustion. The storm had cleared from the mountain, and as the shining rays were cast upon the interior wall of the cave, Bob, lying with his eyes just opened and too weak to feel a disposition to rise, noticed gleams of light where some bright substance reflected the sunlight. With difficulty he made his way on his hands and knees toward one of these points of light, and taking the glittering object in his hands, found, with trembling delight, that it was a bit of native wire silver, such as is found sometimes even on the surface over rich Colorado mines. On further examination he found rich indications of the same nature in various parts of the cave; and he was soon aware that he had made one of those discoveries which incite so many to seek their fortunes in the mining grounds of the West, and that are really so infrequent and exceptional. The ambition of his life was accomplished, and he might now, he felt, make a home as rich and pleasant as he had imagined to which to take the one he loved. But while in the first joy of his discovery he thus pleased himself with grateful images of the future, there came to him a new thought of his present situation, which had for the moment passed from his mind.

"Alas," said he, "the willful fortune that kept from me the riches that I desired brings them to me now when life itself seems doubtful, and when I see no way to safety, weak as I am and far from my rescue. Must I die in the midst of this new-found wealth?"—Just as he was occupied with these thoughts he heard a noise in a dark recess of the cave, which he had not yet explored, and with a snort, some animal that had apparently been lying there, rose to its feet and came towards the light. For a moment Bob thought it might be one of the few wild beasts which are occasionally found in the mountains; but as it advanced he saw, to his joy, that it was a roan-colored horse, such an one as he had heard had been lost from Cedar Gulch on these very mountains, and the very one to which Col. Brown had alluded when he talked to the loungers on the departure of the miners. Poor Bob's heart fairly leaped to his mouth at the hope of rescue presented by the appearance of the horse, who had apparently wandered into the cave to seek shelter from the storm, and most opportunely presented itself.

Bob took up and put in his pocket a few specimens of the silver-bearing mineral about him, and leading the animal to the entrance of the cave, succeeded after several efforts, in getting on its back. The feeling of a rider on its back brought the horse to its habit of subjection, and almost without direction it found its way back to the path, and down the side of Mount Shavano toward Cedar Gulch.

The horrors of that journey to the rider it would be hard to tell. His wound, from which the blood had ceased to flow, began to bleed again somewhat, and was with difficulty staunched. The weak man could scarcely retain his position on the horse's back, but with a brave determination and strong will he kept his seat while the sagacious animal descended the trail.

The evening had just set in when Bob tumbled fainting from the horse in front of the Grand hotel. The rough but kind-hearted miners took him up and cared for him till by skill and patience he was again restored to strength. Sandy Joe, in the distant camp, heard of his victim's escape, and quickly departed from that part of the country, and was afterward killed in a fight with a fellow-out-law. Bob recovered from his wound, and before the winter snow had melted from the mountains he had staked out for himself a claim called "The Lizzie Claim," and including the cave where that memorable night in his history was passed. He is counted a rich man in the possession of this mine, now famous for its mineral wealth, but he considers himself far richer in the love of the woman now his bride, and the two bright-eyed children growing up in the circle of home.

SARDINE FISHERIES IN FRANCE.—Not less than thirty thousand persons are engaged in the sardine fishery in France, and fully as many find occupation in "preserving" this fish. A writer in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* says that in taking the sardine the bait, which is called rogue, plays an important part. This lure is a kind of caviare made from the eggs of the cod preserved in brine, 35,000 barrels of which are imported from Norway every year. When the position of a shoal is ascertained, the nets are let down and the master of the boat throws the bait, mixed with sand to cause it to sink, into the water. Emerald green flashes on the surface of the water denote the rise of some of the fish. Then the bait is liberally cast, and soon the whole shoal rises into the nets. At one time a boat could take 20,000 sardines, but now it is rare to bring in more than from 5,000, to 6,000 at a trip. When the boats land, the sardines are taken to the factories in hampers containing about 500 apiece. There women cut off the heads of the fish, open and clean the bodies, and place each fish, one by one, on stone or marble slabs, previously strewed with salt. While this preliminary drying is going on, the fires are lighted and the purest olive oil is put into immense caldrons. When the oil is boiling, the sardines are laid in layers in iron wire baskets provided with handles. These baskets are plunged into the oil, and then placed on shelves covered with zinc to drain. When they are moderately dry they are taken to the large drying house, exposed to the sea breeze, and there they remain until they are fit to be sorted and put into boxes. The largest are considered the finest, and the small ones are frequently passed off as anchovies.

ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

JOSEPHINE RYMAN'S HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE WHILE LYING IN A TRANCE.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

EVANSVILLE, Indiana, March 10.—Josephine Ryman, a fair-haired, blue-eyed young woman is just recovering from a remarkable illness at the home of her sister, Mrs. Brown, in this place. Her parents died some years ago, and Josephine went to work in St. James, a little village near here. One Saturday evening last winter she went to singing school. She had not been in her seat long when she felt a strange sensation about the head, accompanied by pains in the back. She arose to her feet, as if to start out of the church, when she fell in a dead faint, and was carried home. Her friends at first thought that the attack was a mere fainting spell, and the usual restoratives were applied, but the girl continued to lie as if dead. The body became colder and colder, the eyes were open and staring, the lips were apart, there was no perceptible pulse, and every indication pointed to death. Physicians pronounced life extinct. The priest was sent for to administer the last rites, and the weeping sisters and friends of the family prepared to bid Josephine the last farewell. The coffin was ordered, busy fingers began to prepare the white clothes in which to bury the corpse, and, in fact, every preparation was made for the final scene.

Thus passed Monday. On the evening of that day there was a slight change in the appearance of the body, which gave the startled watchers a faint hope that the girl lay in a trance, and that this was but death's counterfeit. The body lay on its back, with arms folded, just as the attendants had placed it. There was not the least perceptible breathing, the eyes still had that stony, unmeaning gaze; the face was as pallid as white; but the iciness of real death was wanting. The feet and limbs were not warm, but they did not have that chilly touch that is a sure accompaniment of actual dissolution. There was sufficient doubt in the minds of those in attendance to warrant caution, and so another day and night passed. On Wednesday, or the fourth day after the girl was stricken down, the priest was sent for. After critically examining the case and consulting with the physician, he said: "It's a trance. She may come to herself, but it will be but momentary. When she relapses all will be over. She can't live." Accordingly the funeral was set for the next day. Imagine the feelings of horror which possessed this girl when it is known that she was cognizant of every word that was spoken in that room, and could see the forms of her friends and watchers about her couch. Her terrible situation is best told by herself. She said to me yesterday:

"Oh, sir, it was horrible. As I lay there on my back, stretched out on the boards, with my arms crossed and feet tied together, with the lighted candles about my head, and could see my sisters and neighbors come and peer into my face, it was awful. My body and limbs were as cold as ice. I thought of the agony of being buried alive, of being nailed in a coffin and lowered into the ground. I tried to make some noise, or move just a little, to let them know that I was alive, but it was impossible. I saw my sisters come in one by one and look into my face. 'Poor Josie! she's gone.' Their tears dropped on my hair, and their kisses were warm on my lips. As they turned to leave me it seemed as if I must make an effort to attract their attention, if only by moving my eyelids. But I couldn't do it. I felt like screaming. I tried to but I couldn't move a muscle. The priest came in and felt my arms and wrists. He shook his head. Then he placed his ear to my heart. It was no use. He could not hear it beat. After saying a short prayer for the repose of my soul, he too turned and left me, and my agony and horror were redoubled. 'Will no one find out that I live?' said I to myself. 'Must I be buried only to wake up when it's too late? Must I come back to life when they put me in the vault, and all of the people have gone away, only to die of fright and horror and suffocation?' The thought was madness. 'Why don't the doctor do something to bring me to myself? I am not dead!' It was no use. There I lay thinking and listening to every word that was said. I could hear a woman giving directions as to the making of the shroud. I heard the time set for the funeral and all. I could see every one who came in to look at me. I tried to look conscious, and let them know I understood it all, but it was impossible. It is a wonder I didn't die of fright and agony. I often think that I would sooner die, a thousand times sooner, than go through that experience again.

"Finally, when all was ready, when the shroud was finished, and all had left the room but two or three, some one said, 'Ain't you going to cut her hair off?' My hair was done up in long braids and fell down my back. 'Yes,' said my sister, 'we'll cut it off now.' Then they got the scissors and came up to me. While one of them took hold of my head and turned it to one side, the one with the scissors began the cutting. I could feel the cold steel on my neck. I realized that this was the last thing they'd do before putting me in the coffin. The woman began to clip, and in a second or two one long braid of hair was taken off and laid aside. My head was then turned the other way to allow them to get at the other braid, but this was not touched. Thank God, something in my condition or some movement, I don't know what it was, caused my sister to scream, and I was saved. The scissors dropped to the floor with a loud noise, the woman jumped back nearly scared to death, and I sat up. You should have seen that house a little while after that. I thought everybody had gone crazy. 'Venie's alive!' 'Venie's alive!' The whole neighborhood came rushing in as soon as they heard of it, and for several days there was nothing talked about but me. My folks thought I did not understand what had been going on. Little they thought that every word spoken in that room was heard and understood by me. They tried to keep everybody from referring to the fact that my shroud was bought, the coffin ordered, and the funeral arranged. They made an excuse, too, for part of my hair being cut off. They told me that the reason of it was that a plaster had been put on the back of my neck, and my hair got so tangled in it that it had to be cut away. I didn't say anything. One day my little brother said to me: 'Venie, you was going to be buried last Thursday, and they cut your hair off.' He never imagined that I knew more about it than he did. The recollection of those terrible nights will never leave me. I pray to God that I may never be called upon to pass through it again. I would rather die."

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

A letter from an army officer in Montana contains the following account of a terrible and almost fatal adventure in an alkali desert, experienced by the writer of the letter last summer: "I was lost in an alkali desert. I was without food or water, and made a determined effort to reach the river. My mules became exhausted from thirst and hunger, and then I walked. I led the mules while my driver went behind and pushed the wagon. In this way, after a desperate struggle, we reached the river's bank, only to encounter new difficulties which were wholly unsurmountable. The bank was sandstone, about 700 feet high and perpendicular. I followed it up and down for miles, occasionally finding a broken place, but no place where a descent could be made. I was almost dying of thirst, and looking down upon the shining waters below, whose musical ripples only taunted my sufferings. I returned to the wagon, night came on, and I almost concluded to give up the struggle and die there. Then I thought it would not be a brave thing to give up and die like that, but resolved to die manfully, fighting for life.—So I took my rifle and spent the night firing signals of distress, and as the sounds would roll across the dreary waste they would only be answered by the howling wolves, who were on hand in force anticipating my situation and thinking of a good square meal.—To tell the truth they made me mad, and I resolved to fool them, and even locked over the brink and thought of throwing myself down. It was about as lonesome a night as I ever spent. The driver, a big, strong fellow, did the sleeping, the mules did the greasing, while I stood my ground and fought off the wolves. As the morning began to dawn I took a survey of my situation, and resolved upon another struggle. The driver was a little rested, but we had been forty-eight hours without food or drink.—The mules were used up and not able to pull the wagon, so I abandoned everything taking only my ammunition and rifle, and started across the desert on foot in search of the camp. Nothing but the pen of an inspired writer could describe the sufferings of that day's march. It was a dreadful hot day.—There was not a tree, a shrub, or even a blade of grass to protect me from the hot rays of the sun like blasts from a fiery furnace. Not a living thing was there, even to a fly or grasshopper. There was only the ravenous wolves that were following us up, ready to pick our bones before life became extinct. Several times I laid down to die, but after a little rest I would change my mind on the subject, rally and go on. I got beyond the point of hunger, or I would have killed the poor unfortunate mule, who was pleading serrowfully along with us, a partner in our sufferings. The resolution to struggle on grew stronger with me while it grew weaker with the driver, and I found it hard to rally him. I felt that I was losing my reason, fancied I saw fountains and waterfalls in the distance, and greeted the driver as a party sent to my relief. One thing I kept uppermost in my mind was to struggle on and never give up. Then I thought of familiar friends and all I had to live for and the whisper would come almost audible, 'Push on! push on!' As the sun was descending I reached camp, staggered to my tent, fell upon my bed and it was all over.—The last glimmer of expiring reason went out and left me in the gloom of insanity, which led me back again to the desert. For days and nights I renewed the struggle across the burning sands, and sometime would get almost home only to be swept back again. My constant cry was for water, and I drank at shady fountains that never quenched my thirst, but always lured me on. My wife came and nursed me back to health and reason, but it was long and tedious.—The horrors haunted me in my dreams for weeks, and I never went to bed without my canteen of water. Even now I am thirsty thinking of it."

SOME LEADING QUESTIONS.—A young man who looked as if he had heaps of things on his mind, but who struggled hard to appear outwardly calm, put a five dollar bill on the desk of a lawyer the other day and said: "I want to ask you a few leading questions."

"Go ahead," was the reply, as the money was quickly thrust out of sight.

"If I am engaged to a girl and if I go back on her, what can she do?"

"She can for breach of promise."

"But if she goes back on me what can I do?"

"Hunt up another."

"Um! Suppose I have presented her with a two dollar fan, a pair of bracelets, a parasol and a ring?"

Then she's so much ahead."

"If I believe her infatuation for another is but a passing whim and I flourish a revolver and talk of suicide, what then?"

"Her father will probably pick you up and drop you into the first mudpuddle."

"Um! Suppose I had presented her mother with a twenty shilling umbrella?"

"Then she'll keep dry."

"And her brother with an accordeon?"

"Then he'll worry the neighbors."

"Then suppose, sir, for the sake of making myself solid with the old man, I presented him with sixteen dollars worth of watch-dogs?"

"He'll set them upon you if you have any trouble."

"Um! Have I no redress?"

'Yes, sir, go and lick the prairie ranger who has stolen away your girl's affections.'

"I'll do it!"

"Glad to hear it. I'll defend your case for twenty dollars."

"Um!"

"Um!"

"Come to think of it he's a bigger man than I am."

"Then let him lick you, and I'll make it cost him fifty dollars.

"Um! I'll think of it."

"Um! Office hours from eight A. M. to six P. M.

And the young man troubled with inward agitation, took himself out.

"AH, dearest!" sighed the young man kneeling at the feet of his owness own, dost thou know what of all out-ward things, is nearest my heart?" "Really, I can't say," she replied, "but if you have any regard for your health in this changeable weather, I should thing it was a flannel shirt." She was too practical, and it broke the engagement.

THIS is a free country, sure; but you can't get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup free of charge, it costs you a quarter every time.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

A letter from an army officer in Montana contains the following account of a terrible and almost fatal adventure in an alkali desert, experienced by the writer of the letter last summer: "I was lost in an alkali desert. I was without food or water, and made a determined effort to reach the river. My mules became exhausted from thirst and hunger, and then I walked. I led the mules while my driver went behind and pushed the wagon. In this way, after a desperate struggle, we reached the river's bank, only to encounter new difficulties which were wholly unsurmountable. The bank was sandstone, about 700 feet high and perpendicular. I followed it up and down for miles, occasionally finding a broken place, but no place where a descent could be made. I was almost dying of thirst, and looking down upon the shining waters below, whose musical ripples only taunted my sufferings. I returned to the wagon, night came on, and I almost concluded to give up the struggle and die there. Then I thought it would not be a brave thing to give up and die like that, but resolved to die manfully, fighting for life.—So I took my rifle and spent the night firing signals of distress, and as the sounds would roll across the dreary waste they would only be answered by the howling wolves, who were on hand in force anticipating my situation and thinking of a good square meal.—To tell the truth they made me mad, and I resolved to fool them, and even locked over the brink and thought of throwing myself down. It was about as lonesome a night as I ever spent. The driver, a big, strong fellow, did the sleeping, the mules did the greasing, while I stood my ground and fought off the wolves. As the morning began to dawn I took a survey of my situation, and resolved upon another struggle. The driver was a little rested, but we had been forty-eight hours without food or drink.—The mules were used up and not able to pull the wagon, so I abandoned everything taking only my ammunition and rifle, and started across the desert on foot in search of the camp. Nothing but the pen of an inspired writer could describe the sufferings of that day's march. It was a dreadful hot day.—There was not a tree, a shrub, or even a blade of grass to protect me from the hot rays of the sun like blasts from a fiery furnace. Not a living thing was there, even to a fly or grasshopper. There was only the ravenous wolves that were following us up, ready to pick our bones before life became extinct. Several times I laid down to die, but after a little rest I would change my mind on the subject, rally and go on. I got beyond the point of hunger, or I would have killed the poor unfortunate mule, who was pleading serrowfully along with us, a partner in our sufferings. The resolution to struggle on grew stronger with me while it grew weaker with the driver, and I found it hard to rally him. I felt that I was losing my reason, fancied I saw fountains and waterfalls in the distance, and greeted the driver as a party sent to my relief. One thing I kept uppermost in my mind was to struggle on and never give up. Then I thought of familiar friends and all I had to live for and the whisper would come almost audible, 'Push on! push on!' As the sun was descending I reached camp, staggered to my tent, fell upon my bed and it was all over.—The last glimmer of expiring reason went out and left me in the gloom of insanity, which led me back again to the desert. For days and n

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 31, 1882.

THE Democratic State Committee at its meeting in Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week, fixed upon that city as the place, and Wednesday the 28th of June as the time, for holding the State convention. The place selected is the right one, and the time is satisfactory, as it is a compromise between the advocates of an early and those of a late convention.

THE London correspondent of the N. Y. *World* in his cable despatch on Saturday last, says it is now almost universally admitted that the Irish Land Bill, from which so much was hoped, is an utter failure, so far as the promotion of peace and order in that country is concerned. He also states that the belief is general that Mr. Gladstone will not attempt the experiment of continuing in force the Coercion bill, passed in March 1881, when it expires by its own limitation in September next.

MISS PHŒBE COUSINS, of St. Louis, one of the best known advocates of the right of women to vote and hold office, thereby making things lively in National, State and county politics, has made application to President Arthur to be appointed one of the five commissioners to re-organize the territory of Utah, under the recent act of Congress. Phœbe is good-looking and one of the smartest of her kind, but she won't be one of the commissioners to settle the Mormon question. The size of her cheek, however, is made very apparent from her ambition to take a hand at the business.

STATE SENATOR ECKLEY B. COXE, of Luzerne county, who has been quite conspicuously mentioned in the northeastern portion of the State as the next Democratic candidate for Governor, states that in no possible event would he accept a nomination. His present business engagements, he says, requires all his time, and he has no special ambition to hold office. That Mr. Coxe possesses in an eminent degree all the requirements for a faithful and honest discharge of the duties of the office, is not questioned anywhere in the State, but his positive declination takes him out of the list of candidates.

A PROMINENT cattle dealer from the Indian Territory, estimates the cattle drive from Texas this season at about 300,000 head. This enormous army of cattle will be shipped by rail from points in Kansas to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago. The average price for yearlings is $13 and for two-year olds $16. Although the prospects for an immense cattle business during the coming summer is unusually good, the extent of the trade during the next few years is confidently expected to exceed the largest predictions of the most sanguine of those engaged in it. The Indian Territory, Western and Southwestern Kansas, and Texas will soon become and for years remain the great meat centre of the world.

JUDGE ST. JULIEN COX, of Minnesota, who was impeached for habitual drunkenness, and whose trial before the Senate of that State has been in progress for several weeks, was convicted in manner and form as he stood impeached on Tuesday of last week. He was sentenced to be removed from office, and to be disqualified from holding a judicial position for a period of three years. We made mention of Cox's trial at the time it began and of his peculiar defence that chronic drunkenness was not an impeachable offense under the constitution of Minnesota, the opinion of the Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding. If the one-half that was said about Cox was true, it will take him the three years of his disqualification from office to get sober, if he ever does, which is very improbable.

IT is well understood by every intelligent man in the country that party considerations have much to do in moulding the legislation of Congress on the question of Chinese immigration. The popular vote of three States, California, Oregon and Nevada is regarded as being reasonably certain to be cast in favor of that political party in Congress, which will go the furthest in its opposition to cheap Chinese labor. This is a very low and unstatesmanlike view to take of so important a question, but is nevertheless a fact, and being so, the Democrats seem to have scored a big advantage over the Republicans, both in the Senate and House, as shown by the vote on the Chinese bill, now in Mr. Arthur's hands. We gave the vote in the Senate when the bill passed that body. In the House the vote was 167 yeas to 65 nays. One hundred and nine Democrats and fifty-eight Republicans voted for the bill, and sixty-one Republicans and four Democrats voted against it.

THE Harrisburg *Telegraph*, the Cameron organ at the seat of the State government, has the effrontery to say that "those who have been watching their movements are now convinced that the Democratic party in Pennsylvania has nothing but men to fight for, and that the fighting for these men will make all fighting for them a very hopeless struggle." Considering the fact that for more than a quarter of a century the *Telegraph* has been the *personal* organ of Simon Cameron, and then of his son when his father's political mantle fell upon his shoulders—that it has been the apologist and defender of the sins and iniquities of Cameronism under any and all circumstances—that such a paper whose slavish devotion to the political fortunes of these two men, the father and son, is notorious from one end of the State to the other, should charge the Democratic party of Pennsylvania with having "nothing but men to fight for," is peculiarly cool and refreshing, and its only parallel would be when a certain gentleman with horns, hoofs and tail undertakes to act the role of a saint.

IN the matter of an Apportionment bill for Congressional purposes, the Republicans in the Ohio Legislature are determined not to be outdone by Mahone and his robbers in Virginia in redistricting that State, although they propose to do a little better than their party friends did in Michigan and Wisconsin, to whose artistic performances in that line we referred last week. In Ohio it is proposed to pass a bill, and it will no doubt be done, which will give the Republicans seventeen districts and the Democrats four. In that State at the last Presidential election Garfield received 375,000 votes and Hancock 340,000, and under this bill of Democratic disfranchisement it will only require twenty-two thousand Republicans to elect a member of Congress, while it will take eighty-five thousand Democrats, nearly four times over the number of Republicans, to do the same thing. Every Republican member who votes for this bill will be guilty of moral perjury, and could be convicted in a court of justice of that crime, if it was an indictable offence. The mere statement of what the "God and morality" party is about to do in Ohio is enough. It admits of no argument in its support, or no palliation or excuse, and is a clear illustration of the convenient doctrine that "might makes right." The time must and will come before many years pass by when both political parties will be taught that in the framing and passage of a Congressional apportionment bill, minorities have rights which majorities must be made to respect.

WHEN the editor of a Republican newspapers makes the deliberate assertion that "during the Presidential canvass of 1880, the political opponents of Gen. Garfield did all in their power to injure him in the eyes of the people," he sins against knowledge and utters a wilful falsehood. "The political opponents of Gen. Garfield" mean the Democracy and that they did all in their power to "injure" him in the campaign of 1880, is the inference to be drawn. The only attempts that were made to 'injure' Garfield were his transactions with Oakes Ames in the Stock of the Credit Mobilier company, and his reception of five thousand dollars from the De Golyer pavement company while he was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. The Ames business, as everybody knows was uncovered by a Republican committee of investigation appointed on the motion of Jas. G. Blaine, and the five thousand dollar fee was also bro't out in the testimony taken by another committee of a Republican Congress. No Democrat in any part of the country attempted to "injure" Garfield in 1880 by making a false charge against him, but on the contrary the accusations against his official and personal integrity came through his own Republican friends. If his reputation was obscured by a cloud during that campaign which has never yet been removed from it, his own political household, and not the Democratic party, or any member thereof, must be held responsible.

LOGAN, of Illinois, who has a bill before the Senate apportioning the tax on whisky, amounting to sixty millions of dollars, among the States for educational purposes, made a speech in its favor ten days or two weeks ago, in which he said: "Have you ever known a minister of the Gospel to refuse a ten dollar bill toward building a church because a saloon keeper gave it? I never have." This declaration made by Logan has caused considerable commotion in Illinois, and has been the text for some very vigorous pulpit denunciation both of Logan and his mixed whiskey and educational bills. Some of the clergymen, in their comments upon the speech, regard it as an open and direct insult. Logan's bill devotes all the revenue derived from the taxes on liquor to the education of "all the children living in the United States," not only in grammar and the other elementary branches, but also "in the mechanical and industrial arts." If the men who framed the constitution of the United States had ever dreamed that the time would come when an effort would be made to pervert this into a paternal government for the purpose, among other like things, of teaching grammar and the three R's, they would have left their great work unfinished.

THE color of a man's skin appears now to control the validity of the finding and sentence of a court martial with the authorites at Washington. Cadet Whittaker (colored) although twice found guilty of slitting his ears to accomplish certain purposes of his own, and sentenced to be dishonorably discharged from the military service of the United States, yet Mr. Arthur finds a way of nullifying all this and substitutes in its place Whittaker's dismissal from West Point for deficiency in studies, which was precisely the result that Whittaker wanted to bring about. If Fitz John Porter had a black skin instead of a white one he would not now at the end of nineteen years be trying to get the sentence of the court martial that unjustly convicted him set aside.

THE Arthur-Republican mountain at Washington, has been for some time, and still is, in severe labor over the birth of a Secretary of the Navy, and it is again believed that when the child is born its name will be Edward Beale. We have referred to Edward heretofore in connection with the Navy department. He is Grant's man first, last and all the time. Grant would compromise with "My Dear Arthur" on Chaffee, of Colorado, whose daughter is married to Grant's son, for Secretary of the Interior, but as the country don't seem to want Chaffee, the defeated candidate for a third term returns to his first love, Ned Beale. The latest dispatches represent Beale's prospects as in the ascendant.

THE anti-Tammany Democracy of New York, are preparing to call a meeting of the Democratic State Committee to take such steps "as will forever assure all loyal Democrats that hereafter there will be no cowardly recognition of, or compromise with John Kelly."

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

A BIG DIVORCE BUSINESS—OIL OR CHINA—WASHINGTON MALARIA—THE WRONG COLOR—FRANKLIN PIERCE AND LORENZO DOW—DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION—PHILADELPHIA DEMOCRACY—SPECIAL BREVITIES.

PHILADELPHIA, March 27, 1882.

[*Regular Correspondence of* THE FREEMAN.]

DEAR HENRY—Our domicile to-day is not draped with the sable habilments of death, is nevertheless a house of mourning. The inmates of our abode mourn the death of Catharine McBride, a close and cherished friend of your once kind friend, Mrs. Smith. In the death of Mrs. McBride our community has lost one of the kindest benefactors. Especially in her death has our family lost a dear friend, one who has been to them a second mother, and whose goodness of heart and many Christain virtues will be ever fondly remembered by them.

Mrs. McBride was seventy years old, and was truly a good old-fashioned mother. Not a mother of the period, enameled and painted, with her chignon, curls and bustle, whose white jeweled hands never feel the touch of a baby's fingers, but a dear old-fashioned mother, in whose eyes the clear depth of love shone, whose hands though used to toil, had long gently guided the tottering steps of childhood, smoothed many pillows in sickness and were ever reaching out in tenderness to the distressed.—Blessed is the memory of such a mother. It floats like the perfume of a fragrant flower. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of her voice will ever echo in the hearts of many. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but her face will shine on, and in the fitful pauses of busy life, when those she has left behind her cross the threshold and stand in the rooms once so hallowed by her presence, will drop a tear to her memory, and bless God for giving them such a mother.

A BIG DIVORCE BUSINESS.

Over five hundred divorces were granted in Philadelphia during the last year. This is more than was granted in the whole State of Connecticut during the same period, and Connecticut is a leading divorce-granting State. In this city the divorce business flourishes like a green bay tree.

WASHINGTON MALARIA.

That nasty Washington malaria that knocked Mr. Blaine down after the Milligan letter episode, has also prostrated Mr. Shipherd before he could produce the perfumed notes of the Peruvian guano or respond unto; and it is feared the same malaria will make the guano committee absent-minded.

OIL OR CHINA.

I feel proud of the spirit manifested by the members of the Jackson Township Oil Company, who are determined to bore until they strike "oil or China." The Jackson township boys are worthy sons of worthy sires. I have a distinct remembrance of attending some animated and interesting political meetings in Jackson township. I have a vivid remembrance of a meeting held at the house of Henry Rager in that township, when and where a beautiful hickory pole was raised from which floated a large Buchanan-Breckenridge flag, the pole being adorned beneath the flag with a lovely wreath of flowers, prepared by the ladies of Jackson. I can remember Henry Rager organizing the meeting by calling to the chair John Singer and such Vice Presidents and Secretaries being selected as Anthony Lambough, Peter Kinney, Conrad Rager, W. W. Harris, Joseph Funk, Charles Murray, and others. I remember that meeting was addressed in the most animating strains by Gen. Joseph McDonald, Dr. Wm. A. Smith, John S. Rhey and other distinguished Cambrians. The gallant sons of Jackson township in those days gave a good account of themselves. I hope my enterprising Jackson township oil hunting friends will find oil before reaching China.

THE WRONG COLOR.

Gen. Fitz John Porter seems to be off color both as to his epidermis and his politics. He was tried upon trumped-up charges, convicted upon insufficient and false evidence, illegally sentenced, and afterwards vindicated by a military commission of his peers, and commended as a gallant, faithful, loyal and efficient officer by Generals Perry, Schofield, Grant and others, and is still allowed to suffer; while the slit-eared Cadet Whittaker, found guilty of an aggravated offense, including perjury, sentenced to be cashiered and confined at hard labor in State Prison, was pardoned on account of the slightest technicality error in the Court Martial proceedings. The negro Lieutenant, convicted as a thief, has not yet been punished, but mitigation of his sentence has been recommended. Even Sergeant Mason will be submitted to the President for Executive clemency, the Judge Advocate General having found technical irregularities in the Court martial proceedings in his case. But General Hancock is off color both as to his epidermus and politics. Yet this is in a Republic that boastfully guarantee the right of every citizen!

A CURIOUS PROPHECY—WHEN DID LORENZO DOW DIE.

I have been told the following prophecy of Lorenzo Dow by a good old Christian man, who firmly believes it to be true. The story my grave old friend tells is as follows: "At the time when Franklin Pierce was a representative in Congress from New Hampshire, he was called upon while in Washington by the long-bearded preacher, Lorenzo Dow. Mr. Pierce was in his room at his hotel engaged in writing when the waiter wrapped on the door and told him that a rough-and-tumble old fellow down stairs wanted to see him.

"Tell him I am engaged." said Mr. Pierce.

"I have done so, already, sir," said the man, "but he won't budge. Indeed, he's the queerest chap I have ever seen, yer honor," "Go down and find out his name," said Mr. Pierce, "and if the old fellow wants to see me very much, tell him to come again; I am very busy now."

The man went down, and Mr. Pierce resumed his writing.

"Devil a bit he'll go, yer honor," said the waiter, again looking in; "He says his name is Dow, and he *must* see you, because he's got a message for you."

With the good humor that was characteristic of Mr. Pierce, he said "Well, show him up."

In a few minutes the gaunt and sunburned "Wandering Jew," as he was called, stood in the chamber, where he was cordially received by its occupant, who invited him to be seated until he should finish his writing. The strange man complied, and when the writing was completed, Mr. Pierce informed him that official duties called him to the Capitol and invited him to walk thither with him. They left the room, and when outside, the old man, who had left his staff behind, coolly ordered Mr. Pierce to go back and get it, which Mr. Pierce good-humoredly did. The two proceeded down Pennsylvania Avenue together, attracting much attention by the contrast—the one dressed in the elegance of fashion, the other in a garb not like any in this world. With the politeness of a true gentleman Mr. Pierce made no sign by which it would be inferred that he felt ashamed of his companion; so they walked on to the steps of the Capitol, when the prophet said:

"Friend Pierce, I have something to tell you that effects your coming life. You are now a Representative in Congress. You will be sent back to Congress, but not to this House. After this you will be sent here again, but not as a Congressman, and then you will be sent here no more."

They then separated, and the President-to-be walked up the steps and entered the Capitol, laughing at the prophecy so strangely made, which he regarded as the mere figment of a diseased brain, but which prophecy proved true.

Lorenzo Dow, we know, who claimed to have power to prophecy, and went about the country with staff in hand and girdled like John the Baptist, was a remarkable man, and won many proselytes by his mysterious power. He swayed men as trees are swayed by the wind, and his outdoor sermons brought many a hardened sinner to repentance, which caused me to listen with attention to my friend's story, with the reflection that some very unlikely things happen. But for the credit of my story-telling friend, I hope Lorenzo Dow didn't die some years before the time on which this story is based. Will some good friend extend his kindness so far as to inform me when Lorenzo Dow did die?

THE PHILADELPHIA DEMOCRACY.

The factious quarrels of the Democrats of Philadelphia are a stench in the nostrils of the honest Democrats of the State. The Democrats of this city have already chosen their delegates to the State Convention, but only disputes and discord are visible on the surface. Up to this time there seems to be no solution of the wrangles of petty factions in the construction of the new Democratic City Committee. Petty bosses are jostling each other in the race to gain position in the organization. As the thing looks now it will be just if the State ticket is made without consulting Philadelphia's small beer politicians and traders who will rush to the Convention to wash their soiled linen and splash the party of the State with their filth. The eighty thousand Democratic voters of this city should not permit traders and mere pretenders to prevent a proper organization. A competent, upright City Committee is now the first necessity of the Philadelphia Democracy, and no man should be suffered to stand in the way of it. An able and honest City Committee could adjust all the differences before the Convention meets, and enable the Democratic sentiment of the city to make itself heard and felt in the State. It is to be hoped that a tempest will clear the Democratic atmosphere of Philadelphia before the meeting of the Convention. The importance of the next election should stop petty wrangling, and as above remarked, the city's soiled linen should be washed here, and not splash the party of the State at Harrisburg. Let the country delegates at Harrisburg incontinently kick the city dirty linen-washers out, and make a good State ticket without consulting them.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The time and place for holding the next Democratic State Convention, viz: June 28, at Harrisburg, are well chosen. The time is appropriate and the place is central. A fortunate selection of candidates may bring about good results. If there is any organizing force in the party, or any remaining leaven of leadership, in the three months which must elapse before the meeting of the Convention there will be an opportunity for the display of it. The next election is a more than usually important one in the number of State officials to be chosen, and in the bearing it will have on the future political drift of the country.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Blaine seems to be on the ragged edge of another Mulligan scrape, and Garfield's fame keeps withering under the disclosures of his war correspondence. In love, politics and war, letters are dangerous things.

Now as "Ulick" is out of a job, John Russel Young, whom "Ulick" carried round the world as a valet, should take "Ulick" with him to China as baggage-master and high chamberlain of the jug.

Brother Barnes, the Kentucky revivalist, who snatched Gen. Buford from the racing turf, has now collared a heavy-headed editor and converted him from the sins of stealing paragraphs from his exchanges.

G. N. S.

THE meeting of the Democratic State Committee at Harrisburg last week, is referred to in a letter to the New York *Sun*, as follows:

The meeting of the Democratic Committee here developed a very satisfactory condition of things. Chairman Bogert and the wide-awake Secretary of the committee have succeeded in making a very creditable beginning toward an efficient organization. They looked closely after the spring elections, and, as a consequence, the Democrats have made large gains in election officers—an extremely important point. This was notably the case in Philadelphia, where it is said, they have secured more than half these officers, and where in times past it made little difference how many votes the Democrats had, since to have them was one thing and to get them polled and honestly counted was quite another.

The committee embraced in the call for the convention a notice that it would be called to act upon a report in favor of new rules, providing for a permanent and better organization. A committee, of which Hensey was Chairman and Randall and Wallace were members, recommended the change at the last State Convention, but it failed then for want of time to consider. No such excuse will obtain this year.

The members of the committee reported the feeling good throughout the State—no factions, no dissensions, no dangerous rivalry and a general opinion that with good nominations the Democrats can carry the State in November. For Governor, Mr. Hopkins of Pittsburg appears to have the lead, with nobody else as yet in sight.

Another conference of the Ring bosses since the return of Cameron and Quay from Florida has confirmed their previous nomination of Beaver. The Convention will have to swallow the dose prepared for it, but it will make no end of trouble before it is digested.

GREEN'S LARGER HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.—One of the most brilliant and thoroughly valuable historical works which have appeared in many years is Green's "Larger History of the English People." Fairly ranking with Macaulay's great work in the absorbing interests of its narrative, it excels that in its adaptation to popular needs, in that it covers the entire period of English history, from the earliest to modern times, instead of a brief portion as does Macaulay. It richly deserves a place in the homes of the masses, and we are glad to note that it is now placed within their reach, being reduced in price from the $10.00 for the four volume edition of the Harpers to as low as 50 cents for one edition just being issued by The Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., 162 William street, New York. are publishing it in several styles, as follows: In five volumes Elzevir edition, Utility binding, 15 cents, cloth 30 cents, half Russia, 40 cents per volume, (postage 5 to 7 cents per volume extra), and a Model Octavo edition in one volume, Utility binding, 50 cents, cloth, 85 cents, half Russia, 90 cents, (by mail 15 cents extra). Numerous other standard works will rapidly follow the publication of this, of which catalogues will be sent free on request. This house sells only to buyers direct; no discounts from their wonderfully low prices being possible to Booksellers and Agents. The reading public wish God-speed to the enterprise, which is under the energetic and skillful guidance of Mr. Alden, late head of The American Book Exchange. The new company sails under the good motto of "Owe no man anything—buy and sell for cash. Gold dollars ask no favors"—and Mr. Alden thinks it is therefore free from the danger of wrecking by competing millionaire publishers and the lawyers.

New Life for Functions Weakened by Disease, Debility and Dissipation.

The GREAT GERMAN INVIGORATOR is the only specific for impotency, nervous debility, universal lassitude, forgetfulness, pain in the back or sides, no matter how shattered the system may be from excesses of any kind, the Great German Remedy will restore the lost functions and secure health and happiness. $1.00 per box, six boxes for $5.00. Sold by all druggists. Sent on receipt of price, postage paid, by F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, Ohio, sole agent for the United States. Circulars and testimonials sent free.

JOHN LEWIS, a prominent politician of Scranton, Pa., was instantly killed on Saturday night while firing a blast in the Hampton mines.

THE IRISH BOGS.

Much has been heard of the irreclaimable wastes, wilds and bogs of Ireland, of which we have been told it takes an acre to subsist a woodcock. Instead of this being the case, however, it is shown by an English writer on the industrial resources of Ireland that its large bog area is a potential source of great natural wealth: "an arena for the application of natural labor, in which an economical result of a highly remunerative nature can be attended by a reclamation of a wide area of fertile and ready-manured country, the cost of which reclamation will be almost wholly borne by the income resulting from the production of fuel." Taking the total area of Ireland at 20,000,000 acres, the total area of bog is estimated at 2,830,000, or one-seventh of the entire surface of the island. Of the bogs there are 1,576,000 acres of flat or wet bog, and the remaining 1,254,000 acres are what is known as moor or mountain bog. Experience has shown beyond a question that a small amount of labor, intelligently directed, will drain the mountain bog of Ireland so as to allow of culture at small expense, but the draining of the flat bog is a matter requiring more expense and engineering skill. However, as these bogs possess a source of heat which may be utilized with great advantage, thus affording an industrial value, the extraction and consumption of the peat may go hand in hand with the reclamation of the soil for agricultural purposes. This peat, of which we hear so much, is a substance of vegetable origin, consisting in part of the remains of plants and in part of living vegetation. The bulk of the peat in Ireland is formed principally of bog moss, with variations in depth to forty feet. Peat land is everywhere valuable on account of its richness in nitrogen and other matters necessary for the welfare of crops: and it has been remarked that "a soil covered with peat is a soil covered with manure." The acid matter which it contains, deleterious to the growth of agricultural products, is readily removable by drainage. The heavy grain crops raised from reclaimed bog in England and Scotland are matters of notoriety, and it is the opinion of those qualified to judge that "wheat crops as heavy may be easily raised from the large acreage now covered by the bog of Ireland." The peat may be made a source of wealth both as a fertilizer and as fuel. Experiments have proved that the calorific value of turf or peat in its natural condition is about half that of coal, while compressed turf, which can be manufactured from $1.50 to $2 per ton, has a calorific value little inferior to that of coal. Allowing an average depth of not more than six feet to the Irish bogs, and the cost of bringing the peat to market for fuel twenty-four cents a cubic yard, which is equal to about sixty-two cents per ton, the value of this "irreclaimable waste of Ireland" would be about $2,500 per acre. Thus it is seen what an illimitable source of agricultural and economic wealth lies dormant in these much berated bogs of Erin.—*Phila. Record.*

SIX MURDERERS EXECUTED ON FRIDAY.—Frank and Henry Rumberger, who were erroneously believed to be brothers, but were not related to each other, and who were convicted in the Dauphin County Court of murdering Daniel Troutman for his money in November, 1880, their victim being a respectable farmer, sixty-eight years old, and the father of fourteen children, were hung in the yard of the county prison (Harrisburg) at half past ten o'clock in the morning. They both confessed their guilt, one after his arrest, and the other after the death warrant was read to him.

Jonathan Moyer, convicted of being one of the parties who murdered John Kintzler and his wife, two old people living in Snyder county in 1877, also for their money, was executed in the jailyard at Middleburg, that county, at 11 o'clock, A. M. He expressed a strong hope of getting to Heaven—asserted that he knew nothing of the murder of the Kintzlers after their took place, but admitted that he and the two men that committed the murder, divided the money after the deed was done.

John A. Nevling was hung in the yard of the Clearfield jail in the afternoon. He was convicted of the murder of Samuel Pennington on the 17th of February, 1880, by deliberately shooting him with a pistol in the street at Houtzdale. He attributed his crime to his love for whiskey.

Frank Small was hung in the Pittsburg jail yard, between twelve and one o'clock, for the murder of Nicholas Jacoby, in January, 1879. Small was jealous of Jacoby—hard words passed between them in a saloon where they met and a fight ensued. In going home from the saloon Jacoby was shot, from the effects of which he died. Small was arrested, tried and convicted of the murder on purely circumstantial evidence, but of the strongest character. His last words on the scaffold were: "I did not kill Nick Jacoby. I am an innocent man."

John McCarthy was executed at Angelica, N. Y., on Friday, for the murder of P. Markey at Richburg. The condemned man said Wednesday morning that he knew nothing about the murder of a young lady at Corry, Pa., eight years ago. McCarthy was taken from the jail about 11:30 The death warrant was then read, and after prayer by the attending minister the rope was cut, the weight dropped, and at 11:55 John C. McCarthy paid the penanly of his crime.

EX-SENATOR WALLACE.—The traveling correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, interviewed Ex-Senator Wallace on a railroad train the other day, and succeeded in eliciting from him that Mr. Wallace has no favorite for the gubernatorial nomination. The correspondent also learned from the ex-Senator that the Democratic party is held together and sustained by its devotion to principles, while the Republican party is kept from falling to pieces by the stickingeplaster of the spoils. By further vigorous pumping the interviewer got correspondent from his victim an opinion that "the Democrats will nominate the next Governor." The interview is prefixed by the following compliment to Mr. Wallace, which is worthy of note as coming from a prominent Republican source: "Mr. Wallace has rarely been in Washington since he left the Senate. How strangely different from the couple of most men who have lived in the glare of official life at the National Capital. It is a melancholy fact that men who have been in Congress and gone out, like night flies hover about the old time light, dash into its flame for a moment, only to be turned away to come again. Rid of the cares of public life they cannot rid themselves of the desire to pose statuesquely before the public eye. How often have we seen bright men reach the level of the lobby from the height of a seat in Congress. They must be in Washington, and they take what offers. How often may they be seen trading on the standing they gained as Congressmen and the privileges they have as ex-members, plying their vocation of corrupt manipulation as shamelessly as courtesans practice their arts under the glare of gas. Only the strong men resist. Only the rich and brave return to their homes content to enjoy their fortunes in the respected dignity of private life, or labor like other men to gain an honest living. Wallace left the Senate with great influence in the councils of his party, but he has contented himself with industriously practicing his profession and accumulating wealth in the coal fields of the Clearfield region."

THE political caldron is bubbling in Virginia, but it is not yet clear whether the result is to be a crystallization or an explosion. Mr. Wilcox, a Readjusting Senator, has come out at last in his true colors as a Republican, and wants the party to throw it once and openly its fusion with the Republicans. The ingenious Mr. Mahone, who has been laboring with desperate assiduity to stave off any premature declaration of this sort, must look upon Wilcox as upon a cat in a game of tenpins or a snow squall in harvest-time. The prospect of seeing Mahone enter the next National Republican Convention at the head of the Virginia delegation and of seeing Tammany knock at the doors of the next Republican State Convention in New York is not one to be contemplated with ecstasy by the grand old party. As for the Democrats, they have got Mahone and Kelly in the only place in which medical scientists teach us that a boil is tolerable—to wit, on the other man!

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer

EMANUEL BOTT, the Italian who stabbed his brother in a quarrel at Hazelson, Luzerne county, last week, has been arrested and lodged in the County Prison. The wounded man died on Monday, the knife having penetrated his lungs. The assassin has been held to await the action of the grand jury, which is now in session.

LORD BYRON, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady —— has been dangerously ill, but now she is *dangerously* well again." American belles, when attacked by any of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be kept *killing* and avoid being killed by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The President approved the Anti-Polygamy bill.

—General McDowell is to be placed on the retired list.

—To sick, colicky, crying babies give PERUNA—never any other medicine whatsoever.

—The *Repository* of Chambersburg tells of a man in that neighborhood who never heard of Guiteau, Mason or Garfield.

—Paralytic strokes, heart disease, and kidney affections prevented by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

—The printers employed on the New York *World* struck on Tuesday night for an increase of pay, which was refused them.

—Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. At James' drug store.

—Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief? Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1. At James' drug store.

—Emigration from England to this country promises to be very large this year. Many of the newcomers will establish themselves in the South.

—The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumptive Cure." At James' drug store.

—Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. At James' drug store.

—Charles Adkins was apparently dead, at Decatur, Ill., from a stroke of paralysis, and was laid out for burial, but he regained consciousness, and will probably recover.

—The late Colonel Forney's son and two daughters have formed a corporation in Philadelphia known as the Forney Publishing Company, with a capital stock of $100,000.

—Hazael, the victorious pedestrian, left Philadelphia for Europe, on the steamer Indiana, a few days ago, with his $18,000 in money in a belt, tightly lashed around his person.

—Mrs. Mackay, the bonanza person, is preparing to entertain 200 guests at a costume assembly in Paris. A large tent will be erected for the occasion in the garden overlooking the Arc de Triomphe.

—The bi-centennial celebration of the exploration of the Mississippi river by La Salle at New Orleans, has been abandoned, owing to the suffering and loss consequent on the inundation in the Southwest.

—Senator Hill, of Georgia, had another operation performed in Philadelphia on Saturday. The physicians say there is no apprehension of any serious result, and there will be no necessity for another operation.

—Guiteau has received another offer, this time from a St. Louis man named Cook, for his old clothes. He is offered $200 for the suit he wore when he shot the President and $150 for the clothes he wore during the trial.

—An Ohio man has resigned. Captain E. B. Belden, of Fremont, who for the past three years has been a clerk in the Register's office of the Treasury Department, has resigned to go into the hardware business at Adrian, Michigan.

—Lizzie Steigerwalt, a young lady of Lancaster, Pa., was fatally burned Saturday night. She was about retiring when her clothing took fire from a candle, and she received fatal injuries before the flames could be extinguished.

—The announcement that there were seven kinds of wine at the last dinner given by the President will have a tendency to indefinitely postpone any movement which may have been on foot to organize a Chester A. Arthur temperance society.

—The Senate of Minnesota, sitting as a court impeachment, has formally certified its judgment against Judge Cox, impeached for drunkenness. The sentence is removal from office and disqualification for judicial position for five years.

—Colonel A. V. Fryer, who during the war of the rebellion was in command of a New York regiment, was found dead in bed at Milwaukee Saturday morning. It is a case of supposed suicide, poverty being the presumed incentive to the act.

—The centennial anniversary of the burning of Tom's River, N. J., was inappropriately celebrated on March 24th by speech-making and jubilation. Possibly the enthusiasm of such an occasion is due to the fact that the parties to it were not parties to the massacre they commemorate.

—Mr. William Crump, the steward at the White House, is suffering from nervous prostration, the result of overwork and loss of sleep during the illness of the late President. He will leave Washington shortly on a brief vacation for rest and recuperation.

—When Vermont was admitted into the Union it was given two representatives in Congress. This number was afterwards increased to six. Now, after a period of ninety years, the State returns to the original number. This isn't getting ahead very fast.

—A dispatch from London says: In the Commons the Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs said the Government was considering the representations of the United States regarding the trial and release of Americans imprisoned in Ireland under the coercion act.

—The State Superintendent of Soldiers' Orphans' Schools has issued a circular announcing that the custom of holding examinations immediately before the close of the school term in July will be departed from this year and the examination be held in May.

—An engine on the Sixth Avenue Elevated road in New York ran into the rear coach of a passenger train at Cortland street station Saturday morning. Two coaches careened, and would have fallen to the street had it not been for the guard railing. No one was injured.

—A lively Congressional scandal promises to be developed through the expense bills for the junketing trip to Cleveland when Garfield's remains were taken there. The total cost of the excursion is set down at 58,425, of which $2,000 was for champaigne and cocktails.

—The tugboat Henry C. Pratt exploded a boiler at Philadelphia Thursday morning, killing four men. The bodies of Bernard McCann and Patrick Flanigan, firemen, and a man named Maloney have been recovered. John Lyons, the engineer, and two other men are missing.

—A Deadwood dispatch says: Crow Dog has been found guilty of the murder of Spotted Tail. The death sentence will be pronounced on Tuesday. The result of the trial creates indignation which is loudly voiced by the local press. It is claimed the conviction was secured by perjured testimony.

—While Pat Hickey and two laborers were putting in a blast of three kegs of powder, on the new road near Blairsville on Saturday, there was a premature explosion. The boss was badly hurt, and a colored laborer was thrown several feet and injured so that he will likely die. The third man will recover.

—Miss Phœbe Cossins, the well known woman suffrage advocate, of St. Louis, has applied to President Arthur to be appointed one of the five Commissioners to reorganize Utah under the recent act of Congress. A numerously signed petition for her appointment will be sent to the President in a few days.

—Some ten days ago a dog bit a cow of a farmer in Plainfield, near Bethlehem, Pa. The cow subsequently showed symptoms of hydrophobia and was killed. A youth 19 years of age, who washed the cows leg after the animal was bitten, and who had a sore on one of his hands, now shows signs of hydrophobia.

—Minister Sargent will leave New York for Germany May 6. He will retain the present Secretary of Legation, a son of Edward Everett, who has had four years' experience. Mr. Sargent will be accompanied to Berlin by Mr. Felsenfield, a German scholar of San Diego, who will remain with the Minister for a short time.

—A Syracuse justice of the peace postponed a trial upon the request of the defendant, who said his mother was dead. After the adjournment of the court the justice learned that the estimable lady had been dead nine years, and the defendant had gone to Canada. The next orphan brought into that court will catch it.

—A Lebanon philosopher has discovered that "all years ending in 0, 9 or 1 are extremely dry; those ending in 2, 5, 4, 5 and 6 are extremely wet; those ending in 7 and 8 are ordinarily well balanced; those ending in 0 have extremely cold winters; those ending in 2 have an early spring; those ending in 7 have a late spring; those ending in 3 and 8 are subject to great floods."

—A London dispatch of the 25th says: There have been continual disturbances in Galway between the Eighty-eighth Regiment (the Connaught Rangers) and the Eighty-fourth (an English regiment). On Thursday night the "Connaughts," assisted by a mob, attacked a picket of the English and cheered for Ireland. There were several bayonet wounds on both sides.

—The bell of a church at Ellicottville, Md., was cast at Moscow, Russia, in 1708, and was one of a chime of bells belonging to the cathedral in that city, which was burned by Napoleon in 1814. Sold for old metal, it was brought to this country as ballast, and came into the hands of Andrew Meneeley, the bell founder of Troy. He kept it for a time as a curiosity, but finally sold it in 1831 to the church at Ellicottville.

—The New York *Sun* sees in Sullivan, the present champion of the prize ring, only a brutally hard hitter, and it mourns over the beautiful science of boxing. The *Sun* thinks that "had consummate artists as Tom Sayers or Jem Mace seen the late fight between Sullivan and Ryan they would have covered their faces with shame and bowed their heads in mortification that such bruisers should be ranked at the head of their profession."

—McCarthy, who was executed at Angelica, New York, last Friday, drank a bottle of champaigne in the forenoon and is said to have been "light spirited," and talked fully twelve minutes on the scaffold, admitting the killing and saying he would do the same thing again under the same circumstances. It may be some question, in view of all the facts, as to what spirit gave utterance to such sentiments.

—Every administration has a peace medal struck off for the Indians to be given them between wars. That which was ordered during Garfield's administration has just been received from the Philadelphia mint. It is of silver and bears the name "James A. Garfield" on the face, with a raised medallion of the late President in the middle, with the date below. On the obverse side is a design of an Indian and white man and agricultural implements.

—Rose Eytinge Butler, better known to the theatrical world as Rose Eytinge, some time since brought suit for divorce against her husband George H. Butler, on the ground of adultery. The case was sent to William H. Rafferty to take testimony, and he reported in favor of the plaintiff. Judge Larremore, of New York, on Saturday, signed a decree in accordance with the report, granting a divorce in favor of Mrs. Butler. The defendant is a nephew of Benjamin F. Butler.

—A man giving the name of E. V. Clad was arrested last week at No. 608 Arch street, Philadelphia, where he was found at work with a lathe on a number of pieces of gold coin. His plan was to flake five dollar gold pieces, saw off the top so that the milling was not disturbed and take out about $1,40 worth of gold from it and then fill the cavity with platinum and fit the pieces together again. Several pieces of mutilated coin were found on his person, and in the room.

—President Jones, of the Monogahela Miners Association, in announcing his admission to the Pittsburg bar, makes use of the following language: "All along I have been anxious to attain my admission to the bar, so that in case the miners should desert me as they have their

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - MARCH 31, 1882.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Johnstown is going to have a new dictionary.

—Johnstown, it is said, is bound to have a good railway.

—Who is the oldest living printer in Ebensburg? Lewis Rodgers.

—The attendance of lawyers at Argument court this week was large.

—The stock for the new Court House has arrived, but is not yet placed in position.

—"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. At James' drug store.

—The long agony is over and Mr. Frank Gill is appointed janitor of the new Court House.

—Piso's Cure will immediately relieve whooping cough and bronchitis. At James' drug store.

—A vessel injector free with each bottle of Piso's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. At James' drug store.

—I paid $150 to my doctor and was no better. Then took a few bottles of PERUNA and cured me. At James' drug store.

—We tender our congratulations to our friend and friend, A. V. Barker, Esq., and family.

—We haven't heard whether it was a boy or girl.

—Young mothers gain strength by using Brown's Iron Bitters. It acts like a charm in imparting to health and strength overcoming nature.

—For dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. At James' drug store.

—Those who have frequent occasions to write a letter never before were so much in need of pen and ink in worse condition than during the first few weeks.

—It is a sign of good times that the wages account of the operatives in the Edgar Thomson Steel Works have daily been increasing instead of diminishing.

—Cases of youth in male or female, causing sickness or inability to look another in the face, pimples, nervousness, etc., can be speedily cured by the use of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pad.

—If any of our subscribers should have occasion to be obliged to "move" the first of April, they should promptly notify us of the fact, so that the proper change may be made on our subscription book.

—A young girl named Miss Lizzie Berger, was sent to the Poor House from Conemaugh borough three or four weeks ago, died in that institution Monday morning last. Disease was St. Vitus' dance.

—*The American Agriculturist*, undoubted authority, says that the Landreth seed is the most reliable on the market, and recommends them to all gardeners. For sale in Ebensburg only at James' drug store.

—The following named gentlemen were appointed by the Court as Examining Committee of the Cambria County Bar for the year 1882: John Fenlon, A. V. Barker, W. Horace, H. H. Kuhn and C. I. Dick.

—Peter J. Hoover, brother of Mr. Thos. Hoover, of Cambria township, has accepted a position in the store of our grocer friend, Mr. Geo. Mehaffie, of Altoona, and fits as well as a kid has been melted and poured into it. The Altoonians proposes to reorganize its fire department. It consists now of three companies, and the idea is to increase it to six, with a captain, a lieutenant and a sergeant, the latter presumably being ranked as a corporal.

—Jacob W. Smith, a member of the Clearfield bar, died in that place on yesterday morning, at the advanced age of eighty-one years. He was one of the very oldest lawyers in the State and was widely and favorably known.

—Lay your hand on your heart and say, if you can, you never—well, hardly ever—heard any man: then lay your hand on your horse and ask it to tell, if you bought it of Chas. Roberts, whether you didn't always do well.

—Johnstown needs a new station-house badly as they let on, why don't they get a philanthropist to donate a penny and buy the lot and put up something to suit them by way of a structure that would do credit to the town?

—We have just housed a splendid new lot of type and in a few days expect to add a large supply of new types, rules, paper, card stock, envelopes, etc. Then we shall be prepared to do better and finer class of work at prices than ever before.

—Some idea of the magnitude of the operations of the Cambria Iron Company, may be had from the statement, that on Saturday last the company disbursed at Johnstown and Conemaugh, the large sum of one hundred and seven thousand dollars.

—We are told by many of our farmer friends that the weather during the present month has been an elegant one for the making of maple sugar, and if any of them know us well enough we know ourself, they would have no hesitation in letting us take the cake.

—Those who have used the Lem. Davis horse powder will freely attest to its merits. They never any other powder they have found so effective. They are *fresh* and *pure*, and the dealer sold in Ebensburg that is not to be flavored. "At James' drug store.

—A young lady named Miss Mary A. McCullough, of Brookville, Jefferson county, died on the 18th of this week. She was the last surviving one of a once large family of that name, and several relations in this place, who will feel sorry at her untimely demise.

—The town clock for the new Court House has arrived here over a week ago, and will be put in its place as soon as a couple of workmen understand the business arrive here from New York, which may occur before our paper goes to press, as we write this on Saturday.

—Mr. Richards, the new dentist, is a genial gentleman who is becoming quite a favorite with our young people. He is sort of a scientific dentist, for although he don't know the inches of other people, he is quite down in the mouth" for any-body who needs his services.

—A well-informed and quite accurate paper is the Altoona *Tribune* informs all and sundry that Mr. John Fulton, Geologist and Engineer for the Cambria Iron Company of Johnstown, is a gentleman that cannot be entirely too few of. And we are free to say on the whole, we had better believe it. We are sorry to be obliged to chronicle the fact that W. Eagle, Esq., local editor of the *Tribune*, had a severe hemorrhage last Thursday, necessitating what proved heroic treatment to bring him around again. But, if we were sorry to say glad now, for Casper is getting to be a delightful harbingers of Spring, which made their first appearance in this region Monday afternoon, and the same night wind cold enough to freeze the water in the ponds sent them back into their shell to reflect on how easy a thing it is to make a mistake about the weather.

—We regret to learn that the wife of that excellent citizen, Mr. Henry Rager, of Carrolltown township, died on yesterday week. Mrs. Rager was seventy-two years of age and was universally esteemed and respected by the people of the township in which she lived and died, but by all who knew her.

—A correspondent gives a full and pathetic account of the death from lockjaw of a very exemplary young man, son of Mr. Felix O'Neill, of Munster township, which we print under the head of obituary. This sad death resulted from a terrible wound accidentally inflicted a short time ago, by an axe on one of young O'Neill's feet.

—Johnstown's best and only *Tribune* of Monday: "The 'Farmer's Daughter' won't show here to-morrow night, the managers having broken their engagement with Mr. Hamilton. It is presumed that the daughter has work to do on the farm this nice spring weather, and that the old man has shut down on her running around."

—The Johnstown *Tribune* tells us that it is against the law to "take from any stream trout under five inches in length." There is no such law. The writer of course referred to black bass. But we heartily endorse his views when he says that "no true sportsman would be guilty of taking these small fish, even if no law against their capture existed."

—Owing to an oversight which ought not to have occurred, about two thirds of this edition of our paper were pressed off before the discovery was made that the *outside* date in the form of last week's issue had not been changed from the 24th of the month to the 31st. The omission, however, would become apparent to the reader on the first glance at the paper.

—The hearing of road views consumed the major portion of the time of Court this week. However, that is all right. "I am in favor of all roads," said an enthusiastic member of Congress once, and then hesitated. "Except the road to ruin," interjected a sympathising member. We trust none of the roads acted on will be found liable to the latter interpretation.

—Mr. E. B. Kittell, second youngest son of Mrs. Margaret Kittell, of this place, and who has had a large experience in the banking business, more recently in the Roberts Bank, departed for Pittsburgh on last Monday morning, for the purpose of accepting a tellership in the Penn Bank. Ed. is fully competent for the work before him, and is as honest as the day's long.

—Capt. James P. Stewart, of Hollidaysburg, will hold a court martial in Johnstown April 6th, to hear charges of neglect of duty and disobedience of orders against the following named parties, members of Co. H.: Privates, Robert J. Murphy, Harry G. Rose, and W. B. Vance. The Johnstown company is a member of the regiment wherein the Ebensburg company ranks as Co. A—Fifth Regiment.

—That invincible warrior Michael Fitzharris, of Gallitzin, is bound to raise a military company and keep it raised till there shall be a vacancy in the Fifth regiment. There is good material at the "Tunnell" for an organization of that sort, but just when the vacancy looked for will roll round goes ahead of us to see, the new Altoona company having the swing. But there may be a new apportionment some time.

—A woman named Mrs. George Messenger, of Johnstown, had the neuralgia; took a dose of morphine: took too much; fell into a deadly stupor; slept more hours than it is thought the law allows, and the neighbors wisely imagined she had attempted to commit suicide. She failed them all, however, by waking up all right after awhile, and the doctor said the morphine had been taken under his own prescription.

—Three lads, named Joseph Jeffries, Alfred Lightner and Ed. Burket, were arrested in Johnstown on Saturday afternoon for stealing a pocket-book containing $30 in money and a gold ring from the residence of Mrs. Morley, and on Monday morning were taken before 'Squire Rutledge, when they each entered a plea of guilty. They were then brought to this peaceful place and committed to Castle Griffith to await trial.

—This is what the Rev. J. Franklin Core, pastor of the First M. E. church of Johnstown, said in the course of his afternoon sermon last Sunday: "The Cambria Iron Company does more to demoralize the people of this community than any other force or agency in it." We are of course looking at it from a distance, but it strikes us that the reverend gentleman may in the end find that he has bitten off more than he can chaw.

—We copy the following from the Altoona *Call* of Tuesday: "Mrs. Cecelia Maguire died at her home in St. Augustine, Cambria county, at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, aged about 52 years. She had been ailing for a long time with dropsy, and that was the cause of her death. Mrs. Maguire was the mother of Mrs. Mitchell Trout and Mrs. Albert Flick, of this city. The funeral took place at St. Augustine at 9 o'clock this morning.

—It's all right, of course, to single out Ebensburg as a good place to start an. But why not include Johnstown, Millville, Cambria borough, Willmore, Lilly's, Gallitzin, et. al? We refer to to this thing of returning three licensed houses in Ebensburg, and those only, for alleged infraction of the law. The foregoing is the way the question has been put to us, coupled with the asseveration that if the last Grand Jury failed to do its full and entire duty, the next one *must*. Of course, we know nothing about it.

—It's mighty few commercial travelers that sell a three-thousand dollar bill. Yet this feat was recently accomplished by our townsman Ben. P. Thompson, representative of the firm of Ives, Murphy & Bonar, dealers in hats, caps, straw goods, etc., 444 Broadway, New York. Connellsville is a big and growing town, and the centre of one of the best portions of Pennsylvania, and if you don't believe it, turn back the page and see what our friend Frank Cowan says of the Valley of the Yough. And there is where Mr. Thompson got his work in.

—The annual report of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company shows that during the year 1881, eighty-eight locomotives were built at the Altoona shops for the main line and fifteen for the branch roads east of Pittsburgh. There were also constructed at the same shops during the year, eighty-four passenger cars, nine baggage, postal and express cars, and two thousand four hundred and twenty Car Trust cars, six hundred and forty-nine freight cars, and also eleven hundred and five cars for the branches. Over a million one hundred and fifty thousand ties were used on the main line and all its connections during the year.'

—About three years ago an old-time friend of the editor of this paper, Mr. James Cullen, died of consumption at his home in Hollidaysburg after a long and painful illness. Since then five children of Mr. Cullen have followed him to the grave from the same cause, the last two, of whom was his son John, late of the Powell house, Altoona, and his daughter Agnes, who died in Hollidaysburg on last Monday afternoon, aged about 16 years. There are none left of this sadly decimated family except the poor heart-broken wife and mother and a son aged about 19 years. May God grant rest to the departed and consolation to the terribly bereaved ones left behind.

—The firm of Blain Bros., Huntingdon, was lately interviewed by a fellow five feet high, one hundred and thirty pounds as to weight, black eyes, black curly hair, and the general appearance of a Jew, Shumaker by name, and supposed to be a Prussian or something. He secured employment in the shops of the Messrs. Blain, wormed himself into their confidence by plausible address, got access to the check book, filled out some —to the extent of at least $200—had them cashed, and then silently started on a tour to see his great relative, the renowned Bismarck. It reads for all the world the way the Commissioners' office of Indiana was once robbed.

—There was what through courtesy might be called a "serenade" in front of the jail Tuesday night. A horse-fiddle with a tom-tom accompaniment may by some persons be appreciated as melody, but the neighbors say it was an infernal nuisance. Where, on this occasion, was our ever-vigilant police? The ostensible reason for this outburst of juvenile patriotism was the supposed nuptials of a young man of our town and a lady who is amongst the loveliest of her sex. But, as was said by the supposed bridegroom further along the same night to a certain gentleman, "if anybody comes round here and wants the beer on my account about this thing, give it to them, but don't charge it to me!" And then what are we to think of it?

—We are sorry to learn that another of the John Morgan family of Johnstown has been afflicted with the small-pox and was sent to the pest houses last week. Three of the Morgans, who formerly lived here, are in the same abode, though none are considered to be in a dangerous condition. Strange to say, none of the family, it is reported, was ever vaccinated. And, again, strange to say, why cannot they stamp out the small-pox in Johnstown? There must be a something radically wrong about the sanitary condition of that town which permits this disease to grow and spread, and apparently never die. The subject ought to commend itself to the careful consideration of that scientific body which meets in "Cambria Library," three evenings each week.

—Our friend Mr. Andy Troyer, of Allegheny township, arrived in town Tuesday last, and at once proceeded to put into execution a preconceived plan. He has done it here before, and did it again. He got into the situation spoken of by Burns where he says about three parties who drank for a wager that "Craigdarroch, though sober when operation shall sink." Andy not being Craigdarroch, and in this condition proceeded to the Court House while Argument Court was in session. He had a speech to deliver, which would doubtless have been eloquent—the same speech we all have often heard—but Judge Dean cut him off fearfully short. "Who is that man?" asked His Honor Judge Dean. Meanwhile the efficient corps of Court attendants were strenuously endeavoring to remove Andy. But Andy wouldn't go. "Send that man to jail till he sobers up," remarked the Judge, and Andy went. He emerged from his place of confinement next morning, a sober man, and a man who declared he would keep sober continually evermore but didn't.

—Mr. John Schnabel, of Johnstown made things pleasant and interesting for his family on last Sunday evening, by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. John had been drinking throughout the entire day, although intoxicating liquors cannot be had for either love or money in Johnstown or anywhere else, and came home to find that his boys and several others had been shooting rats about the stable during the day. This angered John, and he was determined to punish the boys, but his wife interceded in their behalf. The upshot of the whole thing was that John rushed up the back stairs, and, securing his revolver, hurried down again and re-entering the kitchen pressed the muzzle of the revolver against his head just behind the right ear, and said to his wife: "I kill myself: look!" He fired instantly, and fell in a heap back of the stove. What manner of man, the unfortunate wretch was, may be inferred by the fact, that he was married to the widow of his uncle Henry Schnable, who died in Johnstown a few years ago. He was aged about 34 years.

THE WEST POINT CADETSHIP.—We learn from the Johnstown *Tribune* that at the examination at that place on Wednesday of last week of candidates for the West Point cadetship, held by the Board appointed by Congressman Campbell, seven applicants presented themselves—three of them from Johnstown, three from Somerset county, and one from Bedford county. The Board, was in session one full day, and part of the next day, and although their decision has not yet been made public, it is understood that it recommends to Gen. Campbell for the appointment, Charles T. Menoher, one of the three Johnstown aspirants. Two natives of Cambria county graduated at West Point in former years, both of whom were born in the immediate vicinity of this place, and both proved themselves to be tried and true soldiers. One was Philip W. McDonald, who was an aide on the staff of Gen. Twiggs when the Mexican war broke out, was wounded at Palo Alto, the first battle fought by General Taylor, but afterwards marched with Twiggs under General Scott from Vera Cruz to Mexico, and was personally engaged in all the battles that were fought on the march to that city, and in those that were fought around it. He died in New Orleans about 1851, while then Twiggs' headquarters, and his loss was deeply regretted by every officer in the army who knew him. The other was John D. O'Connell, known in the army, soon after the commencement of the rebellion, as the "Fighting Irish Lieutenant." At the second Bull Run battle his clothes were literally riddled with bullets. He went safely through the perils of the war, but only to sink into a premature grave in 1867, at Houston, Texas, where his regiment was then stationed. He was as brave as Marshal Ney, and as modest as a woman, as all brave men are.

CONCORD GRAPE VINES.

Fine, vigorous Vines, Two, Three and Four Years Old, for sale by the dozen or thousand at the lowest prices.

These Vines are raised on the famous Mt. Prospect Vineyards, at Passaic, N. J., where the well-known Port Grape Wine is produced that is so highly esteemed by Physicians. Enquire of ALFRED SPEER,
[2-10 -2m.] Passaic, N. J.

ATTEMPTED MURDER IN INDIANA COUNTY.—John McKee, a coal miner, about 60 years of age, living with his family on the Porter farm, in Conemaugh township, Indiana county, shot and mortally wounded his wife on Friday night last. He came home with a jug of whisky and quarreled with his wife, and in the heat of passion took down a shotgun and aimed it at her. The weapon was discharged and the shot entered her left side. McKee went to the door just in time to meet two sons, who had been called from the barn by the report, where they had been feeding the stock. In answer to their questions McKee, who was very much intoxicated, replied that he had accidentally shot their mother. Dr. Ansley, of Saltsburg, who dressed the wound, says there is hardly any prospect of recovery. McKee was allowed to remain in the house, and during the night he was observed to leave, taking with him $200 which his wife had saved by the sale of buttermilk. He was arrested on Friday morning and committed to jail in default of $500 bail by 'Squire Jenkins, of Saltsburg. McKee denied at first that he knew anything about the shooting, saying that he was drunk at the time; but afterwards he admitted it, and claimed that it was accidental. He said that his wife had been abusing him for drinking, and struck him on the arm. As he then took down the gun to scare her and it was accidentally discharged. He has the reputation of being a bad man when in liquor.

"FIRST a cough, carried me off,
And then a coffin they carried me off in!"
This will not be your epitaph if you take your cough and Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" in time. It is specific for weak lungs, spitting of blood, night-sweats, and the early stages of consumption. By all druggists.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS in 1882.—The American Newspaper Directory, which will be issued next month by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will contain the names of 10,611 periodicals in the United States and Territories, which is a gain of 344 in the year just passed. The number of daily papers has increased in a somewhat larger proportion, and is now represented by a total of 996 against 921 in 1881. The largest increase has been in New York—10 dailies, 29 of all sorts; Illinois and Missouri show a percentage of gain which is even greater, while Colorado leads all others in the percentage of increase both of daily and weekly issues. California, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont and West Virginia have fallen behind 1881 in the total number of periodicals issued. In Georgia, Maine and Massachusetts the suspensions have exactly counterbalanced the new ventures. In every State not mentioned above, and in the Territories, there has been an increase.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic. Regulating the internal organs and purifying the blood it quickly removes pimples and gives a healthy bloom to the cheek. Read about it in other column.

FROM small boots and shoes the largest ake-corns oftentimes grow, and that is a good reason, as experience will show, why you should buy your boots and shoes from John Owens, because he has all sizes desired, while the goods and his prices are without any flaws.

Throat, Bronchial, and Lung Diseases a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

ARGUMENT COURT.—Court met Tuesday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock, with all the Judges on the bench. We give below an abstract of the business done:

Martin Rist, for use of N. J. Freidhoff vs. Hipps. Rule to show cause why assignment should not be stricken off. Rule discharged.

Hoover vs. Elder township. Judgment for plaintiff for costs. Rule to show cause why judgment should not be opened. Continued.

Semeldinger vs. Swope. Appeal. Rule to show cause why appeal should not be stricken off. Rule absolute unless within 20 days defendant pays or tenders to justice costs accrued up to date of appeal.

Eakins use vs. Flanagan, et. al. Rule to show cause why judgment should not be opened. Continued. Same vs. Same. Continued.

Report of E. G. Kerr, Esq., Auditor appointed by the Court to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Alvin Evans, Esq., assignee of P. J. Woleslagle. Exceptions filed. The report is referred back to Auditor that he may rehear the acceptant, R. B. Westbrook, as to whether there was in fact a balance of $191.09 due from him to P. J. Woleslagle, on the wood contract mentioned. In his finding on this question he is to be governed by the weight of testimony adduced before him both for and against acceptant's claim should he make no change in his finding, then he shall so report.

Report of T. W. Dick, Esq., auditor appointed to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Abel Lloyd, assignee of Isaac Crawford. Exceptions filed, by Collins, Johnston & Co. to compensation allowed assignee. Instead of $300, allowed $261.70.

Order to vacate road in Carroll township, from McGuire's Mill to Seibert's. Paul Yahner, John Mannion and W. J. Buck appointed reviewers, to report at June term.

Order to vacate and supply part of public road leading from Chest Springs to Altoona. Exceptions overruled, and report of viewers confirmed absolutely.

Order to view and lay out a public road in Washington township, from Hemlock to Behea's school house. Review confirmed *nisi*.

Order to review public road from Bethel school house to Murray's road. Exceptions overruled and report of viewers confirmed absolutely.

Court adjourned finally at 10 P. M.

A general meeting of the Bar was held Tuesday night to make final arrangements for the dedication of the new Court House. The Committee on Entertainment were authorized to have a banquet in the old Court-room after dedicatory ceremonies, and committee on invitations were authorized to invited the members of the Bar of Blair and Huntingdon counties, and the President Judges of all the districts contiguous to Cambria county. Also, that a meeting of the Bar be held on the first Monday in June, proximo, at 8 P. M., for the purpose of organizing the Bar Association and electing officers for the same.

A special Court to hear a road writ will be held in the Court House on the 10th of April.

IN MEMORIAM.

"THE MAN DIES BUT HIS MEMORY LIVES."

It is and even to say a word in praise of a dead friend, but we cannot let this opportunity pass without saying a words touching the remarkable life of one well-known to many of the readers of the FREEMAN. The subject of our lines was JAMES GLEASON, Esq., who quietly passed away at the residence of his son-in-law, Andrew Gleason, in Hontzdale, Clearfield county, on the 14th inst., of no pain, but purely old age. Mr. James Gleason first saw the light of the beautiful Emerald Isle in Toomavara, county Tipperary, Ireland, on the 25th August, 1802. From his early boyhood he enjoyed all the opportunities a public school could offer in the way of education, and early in manhood he was thoroughly drilled in all the branches that an active business life would require. So he embarked in general merchandising in his native town, and was eminently successful; he invested his profits in the purchase of several small farms from poor people whom he helped to emigrate to this country, by rising them much more than their "holdings" were worth at the time. Soon Mr. Gleason had a beautiful farm in his native town independent of his business, and through the corrupt tenant laws, then and yet existing in Ireland, he lost all the "holdings" he had purchased out of his business profits, from old so-called arrearages which he was entirely unaware of at the time of his purchase.

Seeing all his labor for thirty years gone, he concluded to leave Ireland with his family, consisting of a wife and three sons. Here I may add that the writer well remembers of hearing Mr. Gleason describe the poverty and tribulation of Ireland during the great famine of 1846-7. When he saw in his native town over one hundred families evicted, and the demolition of an entire street, he said his heart sickened and he had resolved to leave such desolating scenes, and seek a livelihood in America. He landed at Quebec, Canada, in the spring of 1848, his family, but preferring to seek his living under a free government, he came to Summit, Cambria county, Pa., where he taught school for one year, and then embarked in the merchandise business on a large scale, until he soon made himself and his family comfortable. So well did he appreciate the value of American citizenship that at the end of his fifth anniversary in America, he procured his naturalization papers. He filled the office of school director and councilman in the Summit, he was well known in Cambria county, by some of the oldest and most prominent citizens, as a thorough, refined and educated Irish gentleman.

In 1858 he removed to the Broad Top Coal Region, where he did a thriving business for twenty years in connection with his two sons, Andrew and James J., in 1879 he went out of active business in favor of his son Andrew, who continued in Broad Top for some time. Subsequently he moved to Houtzdale where to-day he is the largest and one of the wealthiest merchants in Clearfield Co. Of his other two sons, one, James J., is a New York boot and shoe merchant, while the third, Dr. M. K. Gleason, fills the very important position of "Registrar of Vital Statistics" in the health department of the city of Chicago. Those who knew Mr. Gleason well loved him most, and many of the good family he left behind in America and his native land. He was highly educated and now in his old age was a great student, and lover of books. He was much admired as a penman and excelled in that branch. A consistent and devout member of the Catholic church, and was always a favorite with the clergy, his fine conversational powers rendering him a general favorite in any society. His remains were taken to Dudley, Huntingdon county, and buried beside those of his family who had gone before. So lived and died James Gleason, Esq., in the 80th year of his age, "full of years and honors." "Bright be the place of his soul," is the sincere prayer of one who knew and loved him well. BYRON.

THERE is no use in dragging yourself to death, and buying all the vile medicines for internal use when you can be cured of fever and ague, dumb ague, bilious disorders, jaundice, dyspepsia, as well as all disorders and ailments of the liver, blood and stomach, by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's French Liver Pads, which is a sure cure every time. If your druggist does not keep the pad send $1.50 in a letter to French Pad Co., Toledo, O., and it will be sent you by return mail. It is the only pad that is guaranteed to cure. Beware of counterfeits.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.—Green's justly celebrated "Large History of the English People," ought naturally now to find a place in every home. The Elzevir edition, in five handsome, tasteful volumes, cloth binding, all for $1.50 (by mail 50 c) certainly is specimen of bookmaking that will delight the eye of those who prize it beautiful books, and is hardly less than a marvel in economy of cost. But the Model Octavo edition in one volume, utility binding, caps the climax for cheapness—only 50 cents, or by mail 65 cents. Both editions are being published by The Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., 162 William street, New York, and are examples of the quality and prices of numerous standard works which they are publishing. At these prices they sell only by mail direct, consequently no agents being impossible, and the editions published are limited to the orders which reach them promptly. Catalogues and specimen pages are sent free on request. Specimens of several pages of their publications can be seen at the office of this paper, and to accommodate our subscribers we will forward their orders for any they may wish to purchase.

SOCIETY BELLES

are loud in their praise of Floreston Cologne on account of its remarkably delicate and lasting fragrance.

AND now the organ-grinder comes,
Keeping time to spring,
With his organ slung across his back
And a monkey on a string.

And while he grinds his music out
That makes the stoutest quail
His monkey passes round the hat
And—thereby hangs a tale.

We reproduce the forgoing beautiful lines merely for the purpose of emphasizing the statement that Spring has come. By the presence of the robin and the bluebird we know it, and every opening bud proclaims it. Such being the fact, of course you will want to trig yourself out in a suit of clothing suitable to the season. Where can you buy the best Spring suit, and the cheapest? Undoubtedly, at Jas. J. Murphy's, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. His stock is the largest, his styles the latest, and make and material of goods guaranteed in all cases. Call on him early.

Gentlemen—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. STOETZEL, Fulton st. Chicago.

A SWEET and beauteous maiden
Arrived at the pearly gate:
But this sweet and beauteous maiden
She came, alas! too late.

The gate was shut, and knocking,
No answer tongue had fair;
The gate had banged while Sweetness
Had stand to bang her hair.

There is another game at which this sweet and beauteous maiden may arrive too late if she be not careful. We refer to the gate or in other words the door, leading to Sol. Blumenthal's Great Eastern Boot and Shoe store, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. In the latter he has just shelved by odds the biggest stock of feminine foot-gear which Altoona ever saw, but the goods are going off so rapidly that if Sweetness does not apply soon, she may find herself left on the outside. These boots and shoes with which gentlemen may be fitted on equal terms with the ladies, are manufactured especially for Spring wear, and will be sold away below the ruling retail prices. If unable to call in person, send for price-list.

Michael Bracken for Assembly.

GALLITZIN, Pa., March 28, 1882.

EDITOR CAMBRIA FREEMAN:—We are authorized to announce the name of Michael Bracken, of Gallitzin borough, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the approval of the Democratic party at the coming primary election.

In presenting the name of Michael Bracken we know we are presenting a man who is fully competent and able to represent the interests of his constituency in the halls of our State Legislature, and who would not only acquit himself honorably, but would be an honor to the Democracy of Cambria county.

To this candidate from Gallitzin, one of the "banner" boroughs of the county, we think is due the serious consideration and support of every Democratic voter. In view of the fact that he is in every way worthy, and also that this end of the county has never been represented in any office within the gift of the people, we present the name of Mr. Bracken with entire confidence in his fitness and every assurance of his success.

MANY CITIZENS.

OBITUARY.

O'NEILL.—Died, in Munster township, March 23, 1882, after a short but painful illness, which he sanctified by wonderful patience and cheerfulness, THOMAS URSCHEL, son of Felix and Rose O'Neill, in the 16th year of his age.

The death of this young man was caused by cutting his foot with an axe ten days previous to his death. He seemed to be getting along nicely until a short time before his death he got so very languid that he was obliged to take his bed, after which the leaders of his neck began to swell so rapidly that it was supposed there were some indications of lockjaw. Deceased was in every respect a most exemplary boy, faithful and kind, illustrating in his daily work the high sanctities of manly purity and filial devotion. He is survived by a good Christian, an obedient son, and a kind and affectionate brother. He bore with patience, wholly resigned to the will of God, his sickness to the last moment of his life. He was much beloved by all who knew him, and I am confident that he never made a harsh or an uncharitable remark toward any one. May he rest in peace.

J. J. W.

ASSEMBLY.—JOSEPH MCDONALD, of Ebensburg, will be a candidate for nomination, subject to Democratic rules, at the next primary election for Cambria county.

FOR ASSEMBLY.—The undersigned offers himself to the Democracy of Cambria county as a candidate for the Legislature, and if found worthy the support of a majority of his fellow Democrats at the coming primary election, and is endorsed at the polls in November next, he pledges himself to serve the interests of all concerned to the best of his ability and entirely regardless of either fear, favor or affection.

JOSEPH GUTWALD.
Ebensburg, March 10, 1882.-2m.*

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the final account of Henry Walters, Assignee of David Smay, for the benefit of creditors, has been filed in the Prothontary's office of Cambria county, which account will be confirmed absolutely by the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, on *Monday, April 10, 1882*, if exceptions be not filed before that time.

By the Court,
JOHN C. GATES, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, March 29, '82.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—In the matter of the first and partial account of John A. Blair and John Lloyd, Esqs., Assignees of N. J. Freidhoff, dec'd.

Having been appointed auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of said Assignees, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Ebensburg, on *Friday, May 19, 1882*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all interested may attend.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Pa., March 31, 1882.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of FRANCIS CONRAD, dec'd.
Letters testamentary to the estate of Francis Conper, late of Clearfield township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same should present them properly authenticated for settlement.

PHILIP COOPER, }
JOSEPH COOPER, } Executors.
Clearfield Twp., March 24, 1882.-3t.*

CATARRH Elys' Cream Balm

Effectually CLEANSES the Head, allays Inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely HEALS the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure Catarrh. *Hay Fever, &c.* Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receipt of 50c. will mail a package. Sold by Ebensburg druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO.,
March 17, 1882.-3.0.w.1y. Oswego, N. Y.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE SUPERVISORS OF GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP, for year ending March 15, 1882:

FRANCIS J. COONS, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate		$304.14
" " from former Supervisor		12.88—$317.02
	Cr.	
By amount citizens' work	$187.69	
" " Exonerations	2.10	
" " Orders cashed	4.75	
" " Cash paid for work	47.58	
" 55 days' services as Supervisor	82 50—$324.53	
Balance due Supervisor		$ 7.51

JAMES TREXLER, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount Duplicate		$220.66
" " from former Supervisor		60.65—$280.71
By amount citizens' work	$134.22	
" " Exonerations	2.90	
" " Ret'd unseated lands	22.65	
" " Orders cashed	8.00	
" " Cash paid for work	52.49	
" 20¼ days' services as Supervisor	30.75—$231.02	
Balance due Township		$ 58.69

LIABILITIES.

Amount of orders issued	$ 60.14
" due from Jas. Trexler, Supervisor	58.69
Liabilities in excess of resources	$ 1.45

We, the Auditors of Gallitzin township, have examined the above accounts and find them to be as above stated.

BERNARD DELANEY, }
G. J. MYERS, } Auditors.
W. CHRISTY, }
Gallitzin, March 13, 1882.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF READE TOWNSHIP ROAD DEPARTMENT for the year ending March 13, 1882:

MICHAEL NAGLE, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of duplicate		$119.81
" Cash received on duplicate		27.07—$147.48
	Cr.	
By work done on roads	$161.92	
" Lands returned to Comm'rs	20.72	
" Personal services, 28½ day	20.74	
" One day attending settlement	1.00—$156.78	
Balance due Supervisor		$ 9.30

DAVID BROWN, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of duplicate		$148.44
" Balance due township on last settlement		149.53
To cash on duplicate		6.64—$302.61
	Cr.	
By work done by taxables	$165.32	
" Orders redeemed	94.40	
" Exonerations and remissions	2.85	
" Personal services, 22½ days	67.99	
" One day attending settlement	1.00	
" Oath of office	.25—$302.01	
Balance due township		$ .60

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding orders of former years	$ 8.76
Order issued present year	9.30
	$ 18.06
Am't due township from David Ressler, former Supervisor	$ 3.25
Full am't due by township	14.21

We, the undersigned, do certify that the above is a correct statement.

JOHN H. DOUGHERTY, }
DENNIS CAWLEY, } Auditors.
H. M. DORNER, }
Dean Twp., March 20, 1882.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

For a quarter of a century or more Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been the reigning specific for indigestion, dyspepsia, fever and ague, a form of physical stamina, liver complaint and other disorders, and has been most emphatically indorsed by medical men as a health and strength restorative. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

LARGEST STORE
JOHN WANAMAKER
GRAND DEPOT PHILADELPHIA
DRY GOODS &c.

Samples and Catalogues by mail when requested.

REMOVAL

PORTER & DONALDSON,

WHOLESALE MILLINERY,

Have Removed to

NEW BUILDING,

260, 262 and 264 LIBERTY STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

ELEVATOR ENTRANCE, 264.

Special attention given to Pattern Bonnets and Trimmed Hats. Full line of Straw Goods, Ribbons, Silks, Flowers, Nets and Laces;

Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Crapes and Ladies' Neck Wear, SPECIALTIES.

Particular Attention Paid to Orders.

[3-24.] [3m.]

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1882. THE OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE OF 1882.

JAS. SHIDLE & SON,

No. 59 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GETER C. SHIDLE.

Art Paper Hangings, Embossed Bronzes, Dados, &c

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT WITH SUPERVISORS OF WHITE TOWNSHIP for year ending March 13, 1882:

NATHAN GATES, Supervisor, Dr.

| | | |
|---

THE PITTSBURGH

WEEKLY POST

FOR THE YEAR 1882.

Democratic Organization, Principles and an Old Time.

No Lowering the Flag, No Surrender, No Concession,

But the Renewal of the Old Battle for an Old Time Victory.

Never was there a greater necessity for activity, watchfulness, and unyielding political integrity, than there now is in the Democratic party. As an opposition party it can defeat the conspirators. Its organization must be maintained in all its old time vigor; its party usages and traditions cherished; its own selected leaders trusted and encouraged; its membership strengthened and educated in the faith of the fathers. To the Democratic party is confided the exalted duty of defeating the efforts of men in the Republican party to set up another form of government in place of that which exists. Therefore it is the highest patriotism to defend and maintain organization in its greatest effectiveness.

THE PITTSBURGH POST is committed to this principle in all its length and breadth, and if possible more rigorously and uncompromisingly than in the past will it labor to strengthen the party, hold up the hands of its trusted leaders, spread Democratic truth and promote by all honorable means the success of Democratic candidates, National, State and local.

So much for the political course of THE WEEKLY POST during the coming year; but in all its departments it will maintain the highest degree of usefulness to its readers as a family journal.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT will be enriched by a choice and carefully selected miscellany, consisting of tales, poetry, sketches, humor and biography.

THE NEWS DEPARTMENT will be carefully edited and include a careful summary of the events of the week at home and abroad, with specials, telegrams and correspondence from Washington and Harrisburg during the sessions of Congress and the Legislature.

AN AGRICULTURAL and HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT will be added as a new and attractive feature.

THE MARKET REPORTS, and especially reports of cattle markets, will be prepared with the utmost care, and afford information of the highest value to the farmer and dealer.

EDITORIALLY, THE WEEKLY POST will discuss all questions with candor and sincerity. It will promote as best it can a Democratic revival and resist all efforts to disintegrate the party or weaken the organization. It therefore spreads with confidence to Democrats to second its efforts by extending its circulation.

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THE DAILY POST.

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The DAILY PATRIOT is the only morning newspaper published at the State Capital.

The DAILY PATRIOT makes a specialty of Pennsylvania news.

The DAILY PATRIOT publishes the Associated Press news and specials from all points.

The DAILY PATRIOT gives special attention to grain and provisions markets.

The DAILY PATRIOT opposes monopoly, bossism and centralization of political power.

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PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.
Jan. 6, 1882.-6t. Harrisburg, Pa.

HANDBOOK OF PLANTS

BY PETER HENDERSON.

Author of "Gardening for Pleasure," etc.

This work is designed to fill a want that amateur and commercial florists have long felt—a full and complete yet comprehensive Dictionary of Plants.

The work embraces the Botanical Names, Derivations, Linnæan, and Natural Orders of hardy or half hardy Flowering Plants, Ornamental and Useful Trees, up to the present time, with such instructions for propagation and culture, as great care has enabled all to give, and a glossary of Botanical terms and a comprehensive glossary of Botanical and Horticultural terms and practices is appended, making a complete manual of practical reference in the ornamental Horticulture.

A large octavo volume of over two hundred pages, printed on tinted paper, and bound in cloth. Price, $1.00 and will be sent post-paid by mail, on receipt of $1.00.

OUR COMPANION CATALOGUE OF

SEEDS AND PLANTS

For 1882, sent free on application.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE

Thirty-Six Varieties of Cabbage; 26 of Corn; 16 of Cucumber; 21 of Melon; 19 of Peas; 24 of Squash; 29 of Beet and 49 of Tomato, with other varieties in proportion, a large portion of which were grown on my own seed farms, will be found in my **Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1882.** Sent FREE to all who apply. Customers of last Season need not write for it. All Seed sold from my establishment warranted to be fresh fresh and true to name so far, that should it prove otherwise, I will refill the order gratis. The original Introducer of Early Ohio and Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Green, Hubbard Squash, Marblehead Cabbage, Pitney's Melon, and a score of other new Vegetables. I invite the patronage of the public. New Vegetables a Specialty.

James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

PENSIONS For SOLDIERS, widows, fathers, mothers or children. Thousands entitled. Past or present war. For loss of finger, or disease or injury, various scales of pay. Discharge, no matter how obtained, procured in INCREASE OF PENSION, BOUNTY, PATENTS procured for inventors. Soldiers' additional bounty now pending. Write for new laws and instructions. Address, with stamp for return postage, CAMPBELL & CO., Washington, D. C.

TO FARMERS AND SHIPPERS!

BUTTER, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, Wild Game, Venison, Bear, Grain, Apples, Potatoes, Onions, Dried Fruits, &c. Send for price list and tags.

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Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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This is a new remedy, originally compounded and thoroughly tested by a physician and the public at large by S. B. Hartman, M. D., of 80 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., who has prescribed it in over 6,000 patients, and in every case with the most gratifying success. Especially effective in its specific influence upon the Female Organs and Bladder. MAN-A-LIN should be given with it. PE-RU-NA is composed of pure vegetable extracts, each one, according to medical authors, a specific remedy in itself for certain diseases. Dr. Hartman has succeeded in extracting the active principles from these ingredients and by combining them into one simple compound, which at once coincides with the Vis Medicatrix Naturæ in every disease, and the work of restoration is the business of the first dose. There is not an organ that it will not reach and restore it will not cure. For particulars send for a pamphlet. Address S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Osborn, Ohio.

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The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on the face of the earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give true life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels, urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating effect.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "TEMPERANCE and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

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A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically*.

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$500 REWARD!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Mr. Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Costiveness or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large Boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. [8-5,'81.-1y.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.

☞ Office at 1102 Twelfth street, in same building and immediately over the First Nat'l Bank, Altoona. April 22, 1881.-tf.

How Not to Take Cold.

Dr. Beverly Robinson thus discourses on the subject of colds and its consequences:

"If you start to walk home from a down-town office, and carry your coat on your arm, because walking makes you feel warm, you are liable to take cold. Therefore don't do it. If you should take the same walk after eating a hearty dinner your full stomach will be a protection to you, but even then my advice would be, don't take the risk. A person properly clothed may walk in a strong wind for a long time without taking cold, but if he sits in a room where there is a slight draft he may take a severe cold in a very few minutes. Therefore don't sit in a room where there is a draft. Unless you are affected by peculiar nervous conditions you should take a cold sponge bath in the morning and not wash yourself in warm water. Plunge baths in cold water are not recommended, neither is it necessary to apply the sponge bath all over the body. Occasional Turkish baths are good, but those who have not taken them should be advised by a physician before trying them. Warm mufflers worn around the neck do not protect you from taking cold, but on the contrary, render you extremely liable to take cold as soon as you take them off. They make the throat tender. Ladies ought to wear warmer flannel underclothing than they now do, if one may judge from the articles one sees hanging in the show windows of the shops. People take cold from inhaling cold air through their mouth, oftener, perhaps, than by any other. Ladies dress themselves up in heavy furs, go riding in their carriages, and when they get home wonder where they got that cold. It was by talking in the open air and thus exposing the mucous membranes of the throat. The best protection under such circumstances was to keep the mouth shut. If people must keep their mouths open in a chilly atmosphere they ought to wear a filter. Above all, be careful of your feet in cold, damp weather. Have thick soles on your shoes, and if caught out in a rain which lasts so long as to wet through your shoes despite the thick soles, put on dry stockings as soon as you get home. But in cold, wet, slushy weather, don't be caught out without overshoes on. Rubbers are unhealthy, unless care is taken to remove them as soon as you can get under shelter. They arrest all evaporation thro' the pores of the leather. Cork soles are a good invention. When you go into your house or your office after being out in the cold, don't go at once and stick yourself by the register, but take off your coat, walk up and down the room a little, and get warm gradually. Warming yourself up over a register just before going out in the cold is one of the worst things you can do. Never take a hot toddy to warm yourself unless you are at home and don't expect to go out of the house again until the following morning. In short, make some use of your common sense, and thus emulate the lower animals.

COLLAR AND SADDLE GALLS PREVENTED.—I have seen articles go the rounds of the agricultural press, which assert that hard collars never gall the shoulders, or make sores, and recommending exchanging the soft leather collar for a wood or steel one. From my own experience I can assert that it is not so much the material of which a collar is made that galls the shoulders, as the manner of using it. In my early farming I had heavy wooded and timbered land to clear up, and to market the lumber I cut from it. For this I employed oxen, one winter working 13 yoke. Of course I used wooden bows in the yokes, and I had to be very careful and see that they fitted exactly to the shoulders of the teams, and that these were oiled occasionally at night after stabling them, or they would get so badly galled every little while as to be thrown out of work till cured. I have worked horses in all sorts of ways for more than half a century, and never had a case of galled shoulders, except when the drivers neglected my directions about the collars. This was to rub inside every few days with a little neatsfoot oil; and the moment they found any dirt sticking like wax to the collar to wash it off with warm soapsuds and then oil. Also, to oil any chaffed spot on the shoulder of the horse or ox immediately on discovering it. An excellent preventative of galls is not to remove the yoke from the ox or the collar from the horse when brought into the stable from work until all the sweat is thoroughly dried upon them. The same remarks as above may be applied to the use of saddles; or any part of the harness which happens to gall. If these are nicely fitted to the animal and kept clean, it must be an extra tender skin that will show even a slight chafing. An acquaintance of mine who worked a large number of mules towing canal boats in New Jersey, informed me that he never removed a collar from an animal during the whole season—kept it on all night in the stable as well as by day. In this way he rarely had a galled shoulder among the hundreds he annually employed. The continued wearing of the collar toughened the skin, yet kept it sort and pliable.—*A. B. Allen, in N. Y. Tribune.*

DEADENING FLOORS.—The Philadelphia *Record* mentions a plan proposed by a builder in that city by which he hopes to overcome the annoyance experienced by the sound from upper floors: "A six by three plank is inserted between each joists, and projecting four inches beneath. Underneath the intervening planks the ceiling boards are nailed and the space filled with sawdust within an inch of the joists. By this method the waves of sound are carried off, and the most vigorous hammering fails to be heard in the story beneath. Thus, heavy machinery may be worked on the fourth floor, while a student below will not be disturbed in the least. Preliminary tests have proved that this plan is a success, and the idea has been patented."

AN excellent poultice for use in cases of colds on the lungs, or for croup or horseness in children, is made thus: Take a small quantity of soft soap and thicken it with Indian meal or flour, and spread it upon a cloth, or a better way is to put it in a small bag, and lay it upon the flesh. There is less danger of taking cold after removing it than with any other poultice, and it works like a charm.

THE uncommonly large number of insects injurious to vegetation, which did so much to destroy the last season's crops, was not in consequence of an open winter, but followed a very severe sea. The larvæ of these insects were protected by the snow. The late open winter caused the destruction of millions of these pests. They remained near the surface during the past winter, where they could be fed off by the birds.

A FLANNEL cloth dipped into warm soap suds, and then into whiting and applied to paints will instantly remove all grease and dirt. Wash thoroughly with clean water and dry. The most delicate paint will not be injured and will look as good as new.

A CARELESSLY kept coffee pot will impart a rank flavor to the strongest infusion of the best Java. Wash the coffee pot thoroughly every day, and twice a week boil borax and water in it in fifteen minutes.

WANTED!

Wanted! Wanted!

500 Bushels Potatoes,
300 Bushels Apples,
200 Lbs. Dried Apples.

The above are some of the articles we are just now in need of, but anything you have to sell bring to us and we will give you

THE HIGHSET MARKET PRICE

EITHER IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS OR CASH.

At the same time we wish to call your attention to the fact that we have a

VERY LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

on hands at present, all of which we are positively offering at

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES!

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF

Cold Weather GOODS,

SUCH AS

BLANKETS,
HEAVY FLANNELS,
OVERCOATS,
WATERPROOFS, &c., &c.

you can save money by buying them now, as we are offering

SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS

in goods that we have on hand, so that we can dispose of as many as possible before the 1st of April next.

DON'T FORGET OUR

STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES,

which is the largest and most complete in Ebensburg. To make a long story short, bring us what you have for sale and we will sell you what you want at the right figures.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1882.

The Best Place

TO BUY

CLOTHING!

OAK HALL,

Sixth and Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE!

ONLY CO-OPERATIVE STORE IN JOHNSTOWN,

No. 3 MORRIS Street,

WILL SELL

ALL KIND OF GOODS

USUALLY KEPT IN A FIRST-CLASS GENERAL STORE,

AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

☞ *Residents of Northern Cambria are specially invited to give us a call. Commodious yard and feeding place for horses, free of charge, for use of customers.*

JOHNSTOWN, JAN. 27, 1882.-3m.

JNO. E. STRAYER, Secretary.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Pa.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Pa.
☞ Office on Centre street.

PRESERVING FENCE POSTS.

A correspondent at Benton Harbor, Michigan, sends us, says the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*, the following statement by Parker Earle (a widely known horticulturist), in the Chicago *Times*, and requests our opinion of the mode for preserving fence posts. In answer it may be stated that no single experiment, or no single series of experiments under like circumstances, can be adopted as a rule for unlike conditions. Our own observations and experiments have led uniformly to the opinion that coal tar (applied warm to dry wood) is a good preservative for timber under the ground or exposed to wet and shade; but does more harm than good if exposed to the action of the sun and weather. But varying circumstances may vary the rule. The character of the soil may have a controlling influence, and experiments should be repeated in different places and on different kind of wood. The experiments of Mr. Earle are a valuable contribution to such a series of trials. For general application, we would recommend first impregnating the whole of the post with crude petroleum as a general preservative, and when dry apply hot tar to the portion going into the ground, but none above. The petrolenm will penetrate the pores, and the tar coating will hold it there. The following is Mr. Earle's statement:

In building a fence around our young orchard, several years ago, we tried many plans for preserving the posts. Having occasion to remove the fence this winter, we noted the condition of the posts as follows: Those set with no preparation were decayed an inch or more in thickness; those coated with a thick wash of lime was better preserved, but were quite seriously attacked by worms; those posts coated with hot tar were perfectly sound as when first put in the ground; those painted with petroleum and kerosene were equally as sound and as good as new. In future we shall treat all posts in the following manner before setting: Let the posts get thoroughly dry, and then, with a pan of cheap kerosene and a whitewash brush, give the lower third of the post the part to go into the ground, two or three good applications of the oil, letting it soak in well each time. Posts to treated will not be troubled by worms or insects of any kind, but will resist decay to a remarkable degree. This we find to be the simplest, easiest and cheapest method of preservation.

SNOW AS RED AS BLOOD.—At a meeting of the Microscopal Society, held on Monday evening, Dr. Harkness presented a bottle of "red snow," which he gathered last June in the Wasatch Mountains. The red snow was found on the north side of a spur which rose 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. When fresh, the snow had the appearance of being drenched with blood, as though some large animal had been slain. The red snow is caused by the presence of a one-celled plant called *protococcus nivalis*, which reproduces itself by sub-division—that is, the cell divides itself into several new cells. This is done with great rapidity, and a few cells lodged in the snow, under favorable conditions, soon will give it the appearance called red snow.

It was remarked that a phenomena of red snow has been observed from the earliest times, as Aristotle has a passage which is thought to refer to it. The subject was, however, lost sight of until brought up by the investigation of Saussure, who found it on the Alps in 1760. He made chemical tests which showed him that the red color was due to the presence of vegetable matter, which he supposed might be the pollen of some plant. In 1819 an Artic expedition under Captain Ross brought some specimens from the cliffs around Baffin's Bay, and they were examined by eminent botanists, some of whom mistook the nature of the plant; and there was long discussions as to its proper classification, some holding it to be a fungus and some a lichen; but it was finally set at rest as one of the unicellar algæ.

It is of interest also that some of the early examiners pronounced the color due to animalcules, but this was disproved. Dr. Harkness said that during his last visit to England he saw the original bottle of specimens brought from the Arctic more than sixty years before and in which the protococcus could still be seen with the microscope.—*San Francisco Call.*

THE roads have been very bad for the the past week remarks the *Centre Democrat*, and travel has been much impeded by the mud. And now it is a good time to say that we heard a practical man discussing this subjects of roads a few days ago. He said that no better investment of money could be made by this or any other town than to make all the main roads for several miles from the borough smooth and hard, so that mud should never trouble the traveler. A farmer will ordinarily prefer to drive ten miles over a good road to trade rather than to go six in the mud. Then, too, the wear and tear on horses, harnesses and wagons are items to be considered. It is claimed that money spent on the public highways is a better investment than a like sum put into a railroad stock. Within the last quarter of a century railroads have been improved so as to almost double the rate of speed of the cars, with increased safety to passengers; smooth pavements take the place of cobble stones in the cities, but very little practional improvement has been made in country roads. Let supervisors study the subject of making highways. We can afford to have good roads up here among the mountains as well as the farmers who cultivate the sandy loam of Bucks and Berks counties.

MINUTE WORKMANSHIP.—The Salem, Mass., museum has in its possession a cherry stone containing one dozen silver spoons. The stone is of the ordinary size, the spoons being so small that their shape and finish can be distinguished only by the microscope. This is the result of immense labor for no decidedly useful purpose, and there are a number of other objects in existence the value of which may be said to be quite as indifferent. Thus, Dr. Oliver gives an account of a cherry stone on which were carved 124 heads so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns. A Nuremburg top-maker inclosed in a cherry-stone which was exhibited at the French crystal palace, a plan of Sebastopol, a railroad station, and the messiah of Klodstock. Pliny, too, mentions the fact that Homer's "Iliad," with its 15,000 verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nut-shell. The greatest curiosity of all however, was the copy of the bible written by one, Peter Bates, a chancery clerk, in so small a book that it could be inclosed within the shell of an Engwalnut.

NEW PROCESSE OR BURNING LIME.—John M. Printz, brick manufacturer, has succeeded in converting stone into an excellent quality of lime by a new process, which he claims to have discovered. The stone is burnt in a regular brick kiln, the arches being first made of stone, and the limestone is then thrown in on the top. He has burned in this way 1,700 bushels of lime, which consumed about nine tons of coal, a saving of fuel of almost one-half. It took thirty-six hours to make the lime.—*Berks Journal.*

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